

1900.

# COUNTRY LIFE

**THE** JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. **ILLUSTRATED.**

VOL. VIII.—No. 187. [ REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER. ] SATURDAY, AUGUST 4th, 1900.

[ PRICE SIXPENCE  
BY POST, 6½D. ]



Photo, MISS ALICE HUGHES

COUNTESS OF DALKEITH.

52, Gower Street,



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Countess of Dalkeith...	129, 143
Schools of Agriculture ...	130
Country Notes ...	131
Aodel Blythwo.d. (Illustrated)...	133
The Rise in Agricultural Wages ...	134
The Short-eared Owl. (Illustrated) ...	135
Shooting: Old Methods and New Ones.—V. ...	136
A Great Russian Stud. (Illustrated) ...	136
The Interment of the Sardines. (Illustrated) ...	139
The Basset-hound. (Illustrated) ...	140
Dry-fly Fishing.—III. ...	142
Gardens Old and New: Castle Bromwich. (Illustrated) ...	144
Books of the Day ...	147
In the Garden ...	151
Machinery and Labour: I.—Haymaking. (Illustrated) ...	152
On the Green ...	153
At the Theatre. (Illustrated) ...	154
Chatsworth Field Trials. (Illustrated) ...	155
Racing Notes ...	158
Polo Notes. (Illustrated) ...	158
Correspondence ...	159

## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

The charge for small Advertisements of Property for Sale or to Let Situations Wanted, etc., etc., is 5s. for 40 words and under, and 1s. for each additional 10 words or less. All orders must be accompanied by a remittance, and all matters relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Manager, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

On account of the regulations of the Postal Authorities, the index to Vol. VII. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

## SCHOOLS OF . . . . . . AGRICULTURE.

IN dealing with her science school at Bigods the Countess of Warwick has set an example which we hope to see widely followed. At the time of its establishment, about four years ago, Lady Warwick's "fad" rather provoked a smile, as she still remembers. Yet even then it was seen that she was on the right lines. Agricultural teaching was already provided for the comparatively rich at the various colleges established for the purpose, but Lady Warwick perceived that to a class below that of the well-to-do tenant similar teaching was, if not necessary, at least likely to prove of great advantage. There are boys and girls, whose fathers are too poor to send them to any but an ordinary elementary school, who are in a position to profit by having their studies carried on further. The fees of an ordinary boarding-school are beyond their means, and even if this were not so, the education given is unsuitable. It occurred to Lady Warwick, therefore, to establish a new kind of school at Bigods, where there was a well-known old mansion suitable for the purpose. The fees are very light indeed, amounting to no more than £25 a year, and both boys and girls are admitted. But since its establishment the outcry for more practical training in the work of agriculture has met with a warm response from the Government. Early in the year Nature-teaching by object-lessons was introduced into elementary schools. The idea came from Germany, and is briefly as follows: Instead of the reading being done at random, it is carefully prepared for by a previous object-lesson. For instance, suppose a bird to be the subject, the reading will consist of the innocent prattle suitable to children

of tender years. It is recognised that the great object of a reading book is to teach reading, and hence its main characteristic should be attractiveness. Were the reading lesson to consist only of useful information it would come to be a mere horror to the pupils. Besides, the true theory of education is that the unknown shall always be added or built on to the known. Now the best way to obtain a foundation of real knowledge is to approach the children through their senses. In other words, the bird, if that be chosen, is brought into school, and the children are familiarised with its leading characteristics by actual inspection. At his side the teacher has a blackboard whereon he can, in bold, enlarged rough sketches, show such parts as the beak, feet, wings, and feathers, while he explains orally what purpose each serves. That would be for very young children. Advanced classes are taken further into details; for them, perhaps, a feather would be quite sufficient for one lesson if the teacher went fully into its construction, growth, use, and variety. In Germany the pupils once a week, or at other stated intervals, are actually taken into the open air and taught by their pedagogue what is presented in wood, lane, field, and farm.

Early in spring, and almost immediately after the old Education Department was superseded by the new Board, Sir George Kekewich issued a circular impressing on country schoolmasters the advisability of imparting to their pupils knowledge not to be found in books. He did not encourage the idea of beginning to specialise in the very early stages of training, and it would of course be unfair to assume that every child born in a village is doomed to be a tiller of the soil. But there is a certain amount of knowledge that it is advisable for all children to possess, whether they live in town or country. A lad who is a factory hand or an artisan will not lose but gain by having his interest quickened in the flowers and animals to be encountered during a holiday ramble. The ignorance of the town urchins is appalling. A few days ago the present writer, at a place within twenty miles of Charing Cross, was watching a stoat chasing a rabbit, when, just after the former had made its fatal leap and the rabbit had screamed, there was an exclamation, and two boys rushed forward. One might have been fifteen and the other two years younger, and both of them had the dress and air of better-class working men's children. "Lor', sir," the elder cried, "I seed a squirrel on a rabbit's back," and he held up the rabbit by the scut. Never before had they heard of such a creature as a stoat, and, though they listened eagerly to one's explanation, it was evident at the end that they could not quite understand whether the gamekeepers kept stoats to kill the rabbits or preserved rabbits to feed the stoats. Yet both were of average intelligence and said they had passed the standards. Not many weeks before that the writer was appealed to by two groups of disputants who were watching a squirrel with curiosity but did not know what it was, one holding it to be a species of cat, the other a tree rabbit! These are gross, but not exaggerated, examples of ignorance that is much too common. It arises from the fact that the teaching of the last twenty or thirty years has been too exclusively from books. Town lads, who obviously rejoice in a country ramble, would find their interest and amusement (to put it no higher) vastly increased by such knowledge as Sir George Kekewich wishes to see imparted to them. Country children would find life unbearable without it. To educate them as shopboys or clerks are educated and expect them to remain contentedly in the village is going the very way to breed discontent. The theory of the Board of Education evidently is, that to the advantage of all a great deal of elementary knowledge about birds and beasts and flowers and insects might be pleasantly and informally taught. You could not perhaps gauge the results by examination, but they would not be less valuable on that account.

When Lady Warwick opened her science school at Bigods she probably did not foresee the whole of the development implied by this, but luckily it was so well modelled that it can be adapted to the new requirements by what is more accurately described as natural growth than change. The windows of the school looked out on a field of wheat—ripening beautifully on her prize-giving day—and a part of this was enclosed and made into garden plots early in the year. As the soil is a stiff clay, most difficult to work, one could not expect these to "blossom as the rose" all at once, but they are already bearing crops, and next year may be expected to attest to the skill and industry of the young gardeners. With horticulture, bee-keeping follows as a consequence, and hives have already been procured. Chicken runs have also been built, coops purchased, and other arrangements made for keeping poultry. Close to the school also the Countess has planned to have a model dairy, so that all the appliances for petty cultivation are at hand. It is not proposed, however, to make the young scholars do any but the lightest part of the toil. The main efforts of the teachers are directed to grounding them in the scientific knowledge that is essential to success in our times; but they have always had a carpenter's shop, and just as they have learned there to apply practically what came as theory in the schoolroom, so in the poultry run, the dairy, and the garden they will be able to see tests applied to their book knowledge of



agriculture. At all events, it is a great deal to have these things at their elbow, and to grow familiar with what to many must be the means of earning a livelihood. No doubt the model set up by the Countess of Warwick will be duly followed elsewhere, and the Duke of Devonshire pointed out a still further service that such institutions may perform. A weak point in the whole system is that the very knowledge which it is desirable for the pupils to gain is not possessed in any eminent degree by the teachers. But when such a school is established, those who intend to become teachers ought to be encouraged to attend themselves in the capacity of scholars. For it is pretty evident that the mental food of masters and mistresses has also been too freely taken from books; our readers will probably remember the striking example of confused knowledge about common wild creatures given by Sir John Gorst when introducing the Education Estimates. To get teachers in one instance at least to study things themselves, in place of the mere idea of things imperfectly shadowed in ink and paper, will be a wholesome experience. This at any rate was the opinion of the Duke of Devonshire, who related as his own experience in Derbyshire that country boys as soon as they can work all wish to get on a great "ailway as porters, and so on, while the ambition of the girls is to become dressmakers and milliners in some of the large manufacturing towns of Lancashire.



THE opening days of the week were fateful beyond all precedent, and, perhaps, the best way of conveying to readers near and far an impression of the extraordinary mixture of feelings produced by the simultaneous announcement of splendid and terrible news will be to relate a personal experience. A wayfarer in the Strand on Monday morning watched a bawling newspaper boy with that languid feeling engendered by prolonged experience of sensational rumours, mostly false, and then, by expending one halfpenny and no more on the *Evening News*, secured about the most colossal halfpennyworth of authentic news that could be conceived. And first his heart leapt up. Hunter and Rundle, "Kitchener's men" both, had hemmed up Prinzloo and 5,000 Boers in a corner, and had taken them all captive. It was, it must be, a great step towards the end of the war; it was the most glorious news imaginable.

But in the adjoining column was a tragedy of the most horrible kind. The hand of an anarchist assassin had struck down King Humbert, the son and successor of Victor Emmanuel, *Rè Galantuomo*, and the heart of the reader sank within him. A more absolutely senseless and brutal murder cannot be found in all the long list of the crimes and follies of miserable humanity, for King Humbert was an admirable monarch. Brave, judicious, and able in his personal capacity, he was universally beloved by his subjects; and troubled as had been the waters which had surrounded the Italian ship of State since he came to the throne in 1878, he had steered a prudent course, save, perhaps, in the matter of Abyssinia, from the beginning, and, to use a phrase which had its origin in ancient Rome, "he had deserved well of the State." Nay, more, he had deserved well of Europe and of England, for no reasonable man doubts that King Humbert's loyalty to the Triple Alliance and his consistent friendship with England have been potent influences for peace in our troublous generation. And now an insensate fanatic has succeeded in extinguishing the light of life in a man against whom the murderer's knife had twice been raised in vain, and the whole world is horrified and shocked. The miscreant was arrested, we read, but barely escaped the fury of the people. It really is a great pity that he escaped at all, for, had he been torn in pieces or trampled to death, we might have been spared from all the claptrap which we are sure to hear concerning his state of mind and so forth.

What remains? Nothing save to join in the sad chorus of condolence which is offered by the whole civilised world to the

Italian people, to the widowed Queen, once known as Princess Marguerite of Savoy, and "the Angel of Italy," and to the young and clever Prince who is suddenly summoned from an expedition off the coast of Greece to sit upon a throne which has never been easy; and in this connection we cannot do better than quote the noble lines which conclude the obituary article in the *Times*: "The national inheritance which King Humbert received from his father he hands over at least undiminished to his son. If he was unable to overcome the two deadly foes with whom his dynasty has to contend—irreconcilable Clericalism on the one hand and revolutionary Radicalism on the other—it may at any rate be hoped that his death will not prove to have been in vain, if the universal horror to which it must give rise serves to moderate the rancour of party passion and to open the eyes of the nation to the ultimate consequences of the criminal agitation which it has too long tolerated."

Then, on Tuesday morning, came the astounding news that the massacre of the Legations in Peking had, after all, certainly not taken place up to July 21st. That is to say, the massacre had not been accomplished, although many atrocities had been committed, unless the Chinese had obtained possession of Sir Claude Macdonald's cipher; and for this relief there was, very naturally, a general feeling of gratitude and qualified joy. But the qualification was considerable. Assuming the whole news to be authentic, the fact still remains that the Legations are in a desperate position, that relief is most urgently called for, and that it cannot be sent at once. Then "the mystery that surrounds the whole affair is in some respects deepened rather than otherwise by these unexpected tidings," and that inevitably makes one suspect the tidings themselves, or rather, to put it more precisely, it makes the absolute acceptance of the news less easy. The Chinese are a horrible people, but they are by no means fools. They, or some of them, are we fear almost clever enough to have fabricated a message which should have an air of *vraisemblance*, and we cannot escape the haunting fear that the authenticity of Sir Claude Macdonald's message, and of those which have been received elsewhere, is not quite consistent with the conduct of the Chinese in not permitting earlier communications. For in all these long weeks of suspense, during which the messages might have come if the Chinese authorities had permitted, Europe has been arming and preparing the expeditionary forces which mean dire punishment to China and, probably, many European quarrels later. It is really difficult to see how the Chinese could be so ineffably stupid—there is no other word for it—as they have been if the news is quite true; and so a demon of uneasy scepticism possesses us and refuses to be exorcised.

Yet another sorrow, and this time one that touches this country very closely. The Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha was not a young man, for he was born in 1844, but he was well-beloved in his day, and as Prince Alfred he was, as the Duke of York was later, our sailor Prince. His marriage, too, was one of the many marriages of the Queen's sons and daughters which have made, more substantially perhaps than most men realise, for the peace of Europe, for the Grand Duchess was the daughter of the late Czar Alexander II. It is fortunate that, on the death of the Grand Duke's son, Prince Alfred, last year, the arrangements as to the Coburg succession were made without delay, for, had it been otherwise, England might have lost the services of the Duke of Connaught, whom she could ill spare, and later of Prince Arthur of Connaught, who promises to follow worthily in the footsteps of his popular and remarkably able father. As it is, the Duke of Albany succeeds, and during his minority the Government of the Duchy will be in the hands of the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, who married the late Duke's daughter.

Christian De Wet appears to be one of the very few of our foes in the Transvaal who not only plays the game well, but also plays it in accordance with the rules, and its best spirit. Once only has he offended, when he burned the captured mails, but for that breach it is conceivable that he may find excuse. Information might pass in those mails, and also remittances, which were better burnt than falling into the hands of Boers less honourable than De Wet. On the whole when we have captured him—and, for all his wiles, there is a grim significance about Lord Roberts's recent report that General Broadwood was "watching" him—we shall feel that we have bagged in his person our most sportsmanlike as well as our most resourceful enemy. He is, of course, not caught yet, but Lord Roberts is so sparing of these significant hints that the value of those he deigns to give us is appreciated. Lord Roberts, indeed, speaking of the good spirits of the troops after their terrible night of exposure, of which one officer actually died on the 25th, allows himself a freedom of speech and of praise that seems to indicate in a sense that the strain is relaxing, the end in sight—not before it were full time. It is not a little curious that in all the three quarters in which we

are virtually at war, South Africa, Ashantee, and China, floods in each should be delaying our operations.

Paris is sending up a bitter cry to Heaven, firstly for want of English, and secondly for want of water. There is not the least disposition to be uncivil to the Englishman who does not visit the Exhibition, on the part of the French in general, neither is it in any sense a feeling of unfriendliness that is keeping the Englishman away. The simple fact is that, though he knows the Exhibition to be altogether admirable and an affair that, theoretically, he ought not to miss, he is for the present moment too much engrossed with several more personally important affairs in several different parts of the world to have any interest left, over and above, for affairs in which others have a primary concern. But he regrets that his interest should be so easily exhaustible, none the less.

Paris, in her present drought, is only undergoing, in rather more severe form, the affliction under which London suffered last year and the year before. It is not a little unfortunate that it should happen coincidentally with the Exhibition. To the class that visits the Exhibition the lack of ice, in such torrid weather as this summer has given us, is perhaps quite as serious as the lack of water, but in the poorer and more crowded quarters the water famine must mean a grave danger of epidemic disease. The wells of some of our own country districts are now, at the end of July, beginning to give out, which is as much as to say that they have served us a deal better than they served us last year, but have not recovered from the several successive seasons of drought.

The hot July came as an unmixed blessing to the wheat farmers. Their crop was unduly rank, and if the wet had continued might not have ripened properly. The grain would not have been of good shape or colour, and the straw would have been weak, and the crops laid and costly to harvest. Now all that is altered. The splendid heats have made the straw as strong as steel, have ripened and swelled the grain, and have turned the "neck" of the straw below the ear that splendid clear golden amber which shows a healthy crop as plainly as a good complexion shows health in man. Harvest will not be late, and the average will be ten per cent. better than was expected in June.

A portion of the Duke of Argyll's library was included in the four days' sale last week at Sotheby's. Its chief interest lay in the works on natural history, £31 being given for ten volumes of the *Ibis*, a magazine of ornithology issued between 1859 and 1870, containing many beautiful and accurately coloured plates. An uncut volume of A. C. Stark's recent publication on South African birds went for £1, while the reports of the voyage round the world of H.M.S. Challenger realised £8 5s. The six-volume catalogue of the autograph letters, and historical documents formed by Alfred Morrison, printed for private circulation, reached £26. A very scarce tract by John Taylor, "the water poet"—not mentioned in Lowndes's list—being an account of his travels from London to Prague, reached £21, while an instance of the curious variations in auction prices was shown in a large paper copy of Berwick's "British Birds," £2 15s. as against £8 odd for the same work at a previous sale. Among the remaining collections brought to the hammer was a first folio Shakespeare of 1623. Certain defects, extending to most of the title and leaf to the reader, a large corner of the dedication, and the whole of the last leaf, had been supplied in *fac-simile*. Its general measurement was 12½ in. by 8 in., and a purchaser was found at £252.

First editions by modern writers included several by Dickens, the highest figures being £26 for a presentation copy of "Oliver Twist," £10 for presentation copies of "Dombey and Son" and "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations" coming next at £8. Harrison Ainsworth reached about £4, and a fine set of the rare Jane Austen's novels realised £30 for sixteen volumes. First editions of Ruskin reached fair prices in £10 for "Modern Painters," and "The Stones of Venice" (three volumes) £11 10s. Among quite recent works which have acquired a high value, the Kelmscott Press publications of William Morris kept up to their usual price; and Lewis Carroll's "Alice" books, with "Sylvie and Bruno," fetched a good price at £9 10s. Of still more recent date, Rudyard Kipling first editions showed a falling off; the early numbers of the *United Service College Chronicle*, containing many pieces in prose and verse, only reached £5 7s. 6d. A less complete copy sold, only as far back as April, for £29. The highest price for a Kipling was £8 5s. for the "Echoes by Two Writers," this particular copy containing a pencil note by him on each page. First editions of the "Story of the Gadsbys" and other tales averaged something over £1 each. One of the "Handley Cross" series—"Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities," a second edition in the original cloth—

reached £25 10s., and among many interesting topographical works the highest price realised was £16 for Manning and Bray's "Surrey."

The Twelfth of August is near at hand, and a good "Twelfth" it ought to be. Grouse have been good for the last two years, and promise to be better than ever now. The hard winter and the long-lying snow may have pushed some off the higher moors, and some heavy thundery rains may have drowned some late broods; but on the whole they are said to have done well. Until the actual shooting begins one hesitates to speak with confidence, for keepers can judge less accurately of the grouse than of any other kind of game. As a rule, however, they err on the side of pessimism. Deer are very backward, and the velvet will be late on their horns, owing, no doubt, to the prolonged winter and lack of pasture.

Rivers have been so low that little fishing has been possible. Among notable exceptions to the ordinary run of blank days and poor catches is to be recorded the capture of a 9½ lb. trout in the Kennet by an angler engaged in barbel fishing. This is a very fine trout. Lately these rivers of Berkshire—the Kennet, the Lambourne, and so on—have been rather disappointing; but it is certain that of the fish that are taken from them quality rather than quantity is the feature. Such a fish as this nine and a-half pounder may be put in the balance against many blank days.

No class has had recourse more to the services of the leading solicitors than the landed proprietors. In the cloud which has lately settled over that profession the bright spots are the large firms more peculiarly trusted by the landed interest. Meantime, the confidence, and, we must add, the indolence of many owners and trustees has been a source of embarrassment to many firms of the highest standing, who find that they have often acted on vague and desultory instructions which they are not able to produce. Sixty years ago, when the profession did not hold the position it now occupies, the working classes in the country had the greatest dislike to them all and sundry. The following anecdote occurs in this connection. The small son of an old-fashioned Devonshire squire was being accompanied, as he rode his pony to the old grammar school at Ottery St. Mary, by the gamekeeper and "odd man," a trusted old Devon servant. As he went up Ottery Hill this worthy pulled out a letter and said, discontentedly: "Your father have give this to me to take to 'Torney C——e, what lives next door to hell!'"

On the heaths and commons of Surrey, Sussex, and the Southern Counties generally, adders have been in more than their usual numbers this year. It is not altogether due to the abnormal temperature, for they were in evidence before the heat wave rolled us over, though it is likely that the fact that this summer follows two dry ones has been favourable to their increase. From time to time it is well to repeat the warning that the adder is really a poisonous snake, whose bite is not unlikely to cause death, and is certain to cause very grave disturbance. People have a pleasant theory that poisonous snakes in England are a mediæval legend. We have, in truth, but one—the adder, but he is so poisonous that one of his kind is enough. He is an unimportant, sluggish-looking person, of dull, greyish-brown appearance, with darker zigzag down the back. He affects hot sandy places, where he may be seen sunning himself in a coil, and he may best be interviewed by the medium of a stick. Eighteen inches is about the extreme limit of his growth. The grass snake is bigger, handsomer, quite harmless, and the slowworm everybody knows. It is the adder that it is useful to know and to avoid.

For the first time for many years the "Zoo" contains one of the largest size of male baboon, a beast so formidable, and of such peculiar build, that people curious as to the different shapes animal strength may take would probably not like to miss seeing it. It is a Chacma baboon, the common species of South Africa; a troop of which coming down to drink at a Transvaal river caused two of our officers escaping from Pretoria to forego the attempt to cross until the hideous crowd on the other side had departed. It is a male, yet not an old one; consequently, it is possible that the Chacma baboon may grow still larger. But it stands at least 34 in. high, the body is very thick and short, the chest very deep, and the legs and arms disproportionately long and muscular. Its head is more than one-third of the length of its body, hideous beyond description, like a cross between a wolf and a pig, with enormous teeth. These baboons have taken to killing the young lambs of the increasing flocks of South Africa, to drink the milk contained in their stomachs. Consequently they are made a special exception to the protection given to other wild beasts.

By a curious coincidence, which was by no means anticipated when our list of "Country Homes, Gardens Old and



New," for the summer season was being arranged, Castle Bromwich, which is the subject of our principal article this week, is now to let. That ancient Tudor and Jacobean house—for it partakes of both characters—with its garden planned on broad lines, its orangery, its smooth bowling green, its yew hedges, and its stately trees, raise vain longings at this torrid time of year, and we imagine that this oasis in the neighbourhood of the Black Country will be snapped up at once. We say "in the neighbourhood of the Black Country" because, as the writer of our article implies, the Black Country itself is in the heart of some of the best scenery in England of the quiet kind.

It is by no means likely that domestic matters will figure largely in any general election that may take place within the next twelve months, since the public attention is so much concentrated on external affairs. But three bids at a programme may be noted without comment: First, the extreme Tory one already noticed here as a demand for some protective law, and a



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

SOUTHDOWN SHEEP.

Copyright

the celebrated Hill of Tara a few days since, and the President, Sir Henry H. Howorth, M.P., and other members were strong in their denunciations of what they described as "a monstrous piece of vandalism," in the works recently carried out by some

fanatics in their futile excavations in search of the Ark of the Covenant. The only things that were found by "the Vandals" were a few coins of the reign of the Emperor Constantine, a gold ring, and a few other trifles.

## MODEL . . . BLYTHWOOD.

THE Southdown sheep are under the command of a shepherd, who has been with Sir James Blyth for a long time, and is as well worth seeing as anything else there. He knows every one of the sheep by its face, though nothing is more characteristic of the flock than the uniformity of the heads;

he likes to make them look up and let you see it. He has his own opinions, too, and is sure that only crass ignorance could put his favourites into secondary places in the show-ring. One may smile at his zeal. The very high



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

JERSEY HEIFERS.

Copyright

cry of British produce for British tables; second, the old Radical platform, abolition of entail and primogeniture, with greater diffusion of ownership; third, the new socialist policy of extracting more taxation from law, which last appears to us like heaping weight upon a sinking ship. But for the reason already given, though these ideas are worth noting as indicating how opinion trends, they are not likely to receive serious attention or discussion.

Hops, in the so-called Garden of England, are looking none too well. The vermin have been much about them, and though the recent bright suns have helped them not a little, there is everywhere that blackish look which augurs so badly. The plants that have been washed look far more flourishing, and have responded to the treatment kindly. Other crops, of grain and so on, appear to have derived much benefit from the hot, bright weather, which gave just the conditions that they required.

The Royal Archæological Institute made a pilgrimage to



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

JERSEY COWS.

Copyright

general standard attained by the flock is as valuable a tribute to his care as is the long list of champions he is able to produce.

Sir James Blyth has his fine stud of Shire horses at the Blythwood home farm, midway between Stortford and Stansted. It would be difficult to imagine a more convenient place for seeing them. Fancy a wide extent of level turf, and in the centre literally a glasshouse set up for the express convenience of visitors, who, when the weather is stormy, may take shelter there, and through the great panes of glass see as clearly as though nothing intervened between them and the animals brought up for inspection. It is a veritable parade ground. Here, too, the flower of Blythwood, the old French rose, blooms profusely, and the haylands are alive with guinea-fowl, a creature that seems to have taken a peculiar fancy to the place, and is nearly as plentiful as the roses.

It would be superfluous to praise the Shire stud of Sir James Blyth, since it is known the wide world over; but of peculiar interest at this season were the mares and their foals. There were quite a number of well-known brood mares—Blythwood Bountiful (the dam of the famous stallion Blythwood Conqueror), Afterglow, Birthright, etc.—with foals at their feet by Hendre Marksman (the stud horse at Blythwood), Prince Harold, Hitchin Conqueror, and other notable sires. Last year's colts and fillies have come on well, and one or two are likely to make their mark.

Sir James Blyth attaches much importance to Shires as a source of income to the ordinary farmer who has suitable low-lying land and adjoining streams. Nor is it always desirable that he should go in for breeding prize-winners, since it might distract his attention from "the trivial round, the common task," that give him the mainstay of a livelihood. But a good mare is as cheap to keep as a bad one, the fee for service, unlike that for thorough-breds, is not so very much more for a good Shire than for a moderate one, and the foal is certain to repay the additional outlay, and has a very good chance of bringing in a plum.

In passing from this beautiful and attractive little farm of Blythwood we would like to draw attention to the advice offered by the owner to English farmers. He regards any hope of permanently increasing the price of wheat as little more than an idle dream, which, were it realised, would "inflict serious hardship on the people." But there are other directions in which British agriculturists can profitably engage, notably in the



C. Reid. Wishaw, N.B.

#### THE SOUTHDOWN FLOCK.

Copyright

breeding of pedigree stock, and in the production of milk, butter, cream, cheese, poultry, eggs, fruit, and vegetables. In a word, conditions have altered, and the tiller of the soil must adjust himself to them. Time was when he could grow wheat at a profit; now other countries are more favourably situated than England for the purpose. But in a land mainly pastoral there are many other things to be done, and the enterprising farmer will direct his energy to the accomplishment of them. It is, for instance, little short of monstrous that other countries should flourish by supplying us with butter, eggs, and other commodities which might just as well be produced in England.

Such is the moral, but it derives its force largely from what may be seen at this delightful homestead, where the owner, with the truest patriotism, demonstrates practically what it is possible to make of the opportunities of the English farmer. No small part of his reward is the restful beauty of this rural retreat.

### THE RISE IN AGRI- . . . . CULTURAL WAGES.

IN the official journal of the Board of Trade for July there is a most interesting article comparing the wages of ordinary agricultural labourers in June, 1899, with those paid in June, 1900. Were the business any other than husbandry we should expect to see a reduction. The quarter of wheat, after averaging in value 26s., 30s., and 34s., respectively for the years 1896, 1897, and 1898, fell in 1899 to 25s., or very nearly to the low level it reached in 1894 and 1895. But the contrary is the case. A total of 231,655 agricultural labourers came within the scope of the enquiry, and while wages remained stationary in 39.5 per cent. of the cases, there was a rise varying from 6d. to 2s. a week in 60.5 per cent. A shilling a week was the increase in the majority of cases. The Board of Trade correspondent goes on to say that the greatest number of changes took place in the corn-growing counties, comprising Huntingdon, Cambridge, Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex. On one point of this we would like to have additional light. As far as our knowledge goes, the places in East Anglia where agriculture is reviving are those in which corn-growing has been either abandoned or reduced. The other day we went over an Essex farm of 800 acres that used to be cultivated for wheat but is now laid down in grass, the tenants using nitrates freely and selling the hay in London. This is by no means an uncommon practice. Milk, too, is produced to a far greater extent in the eastern counties than used to be the case, and dairies could be still further



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

#### SHIRE MARES AND FOALS.

Copyright



increased but for the difficulty of obtaining labour.

To what extent, we would like to know, is the rise in wages given to milkers? In the so-called corn-growing counties the agricultural returns for this year show a considerable increase in the number of cows and heifers in calf or in milk.

However, whether for milking cows or doing ordinary farm work, we are glad to see that the men are getting better wages. From the rates quoted, it is evident that the farm labourer is still very near the bottom of the industrial scale. A general rise of one shilling, we are told, brings the weekly wage in Norfolk up to thirteen shillings; the predominant rate in Suffolk is twelve, though in a few places thirteen shillings is being paid. This refers only to the direct cash payment; the correspondent had to omit incidental advantages and wages paid in kind that he might be able to draw a sharp comparison between this year and last. In the northern counties of Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire a decided upward movement was shown at the spring hirings. "Near the Border sixteen shillings a week with the usual allowance in kind (free house, potatoes, and coals carted free) was the rate most generally paid in 1899, but at the hirings of 1900, a considerable number obtained from seventeen to eighteen shillings, though the majority still received sixteen shillings." Women are more generally employed in the North than in the South, and a rise in their wages has frequently taken place.

If this increase of wages could be traced by the greater prosperity of the landed interest, it would cause nothing but satisfaction, but unfortunately the *Labour Gazette* supplies quite a different reason. Anyone turning up the back numbers will find that the Board of Trade correspondents have for a long time never let a month pass without drawing attention to the difficulty in obtaining farm servants. Turning to the usual reports in the same issue as that containing the statement about wages, we find that a correspondent, writing of the whole of Cumberland, says, "Labour is becoming scarcer than ever, and farmers are in great difficulties." A Warwickshire correspondent says, "Agricultural labour of all descriptions very scarce. Many farmers are unable to get sufficient men to work their holdings properly." From the Market Bosworth Union we hear "The greater portion of the corn crops have not been hoed owing to the want of labour." We may summarise dozens of other reports on labour by the words "very short." Turning to the June reports, we learn from Westmoreland and Lancashire that "The labour market has been seriously affected by the call to arms abroad, and by the Reserves being called up. Many of the Reservists were the most skilled and best-conducted workmen, and the farmers have to put up with a poorer class of hand." In Northamptonshire "The supply of labour is very short, and no men are to be got." If we take the May reports it is only to hear a similar story. In the Retford Union "Every man is taken up. Extra men are not to be got. Wages would rise if prices of farmers' produce would afford it. Farmers are now obliged to watch the labour market and farm accordingly." In Buckinghamshire "Some people are giving up dairying in consequence of the difficulty of getting milkers." Nor is it really necessary to go to the reports of the Board of Agriculture to ascertain the somewhat depressing truth that labour is very scarce and dear. In Berkshire, to our personal knowledge, it is at famine prices, and as scarce as in the days of the Russian War.

It is unnecessary to multiply these extracts, since all are couched in the same vein, but enough has been said to show that harvest is opening under critical circumstances. Should the weather break, as it threatens, and any great proportion of the corn be laid by rain, so that hand-reaping will be imperative, it is difficult to see where the men will come from. Irish harvesters do not come in any great numbers to England now. They are working their little farms, and feeding the co-operative dairies at home.

Nor is it only a temporary difficulty that has to be met. Farmers who can get no more than 25s. a quarter for their wheat are compelled to raise the rate of wages because of a general and serious falling away of the rural population. How serious can only be understood by recalling what immense numbers of people must have lived in rural districts before machinery was introduced. The farmer of those days needed troops of servants, and found them easily, while now he requires but a few and cannot obtain them.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

A FINE RAM.

Copyright

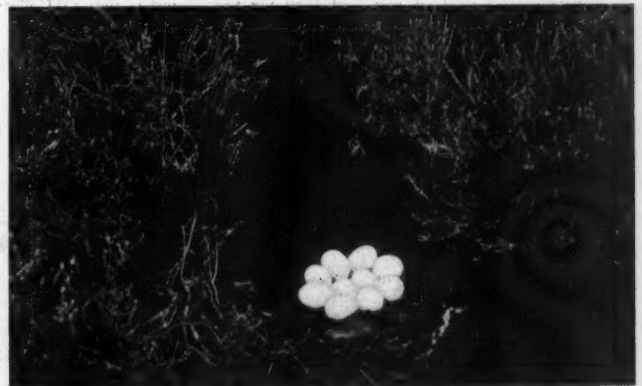
## The Short-eared Owl.

THIS bird is frequently spoken of as the woodcock owl, owing, no doubt, to its habit of migrating to a large extent in company with that much-prized game bird. Apart from being found in such good company, the short-eared owl has done more than any other member of the owl family to demonstrate the usefulness of its kind.

A few years ago, when large tracts of land were being devastated by voles, mice, and the like, and landowners in despair were vainly plotting their destruction by turning down and protecting weasels and stoats, this owl came to the rescue, and in many districts both in England and Scotland where it had only previously been known as a straggler it settled down in large numbers, and reared its young in peace and amidst plenty. Where they came from in such numbers probably no one knows, and when the cause of their coming had disappeared, and the balance of Nature had been restored, they went as they came, and in some of the localities where they had performed such an acceptable service not a single bird now remains. The lesson taught, however, has not been forgotten, and many a landowner has since given orders that all owls on his estate are to be preserved.

The North of Scotland and the islands of the Orkney group are the most frequented nesting-places of this species, and it was whilst wandering in the Orkneys last May that I came across the nest of which a photograph is here reproduced. From five to six is the usual number of eggs laid in a clutch, and ten, which this nest contained, is certainly most extraordinary.

Like most of the owls the eggs in the same nest are frequently found in different states of incubation, and often



NEST WITH TEN EGGS.

the nest contains at the same time young birds' eggs in an advanced state, and comparatively fresh ones. This is apparently a wise provision of Nature, as young owls are most voracious feeders, and by this means the parent birds are enabled to get rid of and see the older members of their family started in life before the appetites of the younger ones have developed to such an extent as to require serious attention.

J. T. PROUD.

## SHOOTING: Old Methods and New.—V.

I AM inclined to question the precision of a recent article in the *Field*. After lamenting the loss of woodcraft as a necessity to sport, the writer goes on to affirm that "the feats performed by crack shots to-day would astonish the best performers of thirty years ago," and then he says that the difference between the present day sportsmen to those of thirty years ago is that the latter had a knowledge of woodcraft, but could not shoot by comparison with the crack shots of to-day. This is an unfortunate statement to make, for the very men who are the crack shots of to-day were also the crack shots of thirty years ago. This is one of those statements that have a source in exaggeration, and a parrot cry following in the Press, and amongst others who do not know. It is assumed, to start with, that there was no such thing as driving game thirty years ago, yet most pheasants and many grouse were even then killed in that way; but there are more difficult shots than pheasants and grouse, which were always killed in precisely the same manner they are now. Flying ducks and teal always presented ten times the difficulties of driven game, because they can only be killed in the half light they choose for fighting, at morning and evening, before the sun is up and after it is down. Some few writers have tried to surround the shooting of driven game with a romance based on difficulty, and, as has previously been pointed out, the Press, which has evidently not tested the matter, has taken it all most seriously and gone one worse than its teachers. There always have been good shots from the beginning of this century, and it is very doubtful indeed whether the crack shots of to-day are equal to the best shots of old. In the sixties the Maharaja Duleep Singh was considered the quickest shot ever known, both at birds put up and driven over. Nobody has ever claimed to be able to handle a pair of guns quicker. Earlier, the feats of Captain Ross with rifle and shot-gun astonished the world, and before him Colonel Peter Hawker was admitted to be a marvellous handler of the scatter-gun. Long strings of right and left shots at partridges, rising in front of the shooter, such as he made, are not made now, and yet more than half the partridges killed even at the present day are walked up in turnips. Fourteen consecutive kills of snipe is a record that few of the modern cracks can boast, and although snipe in August on the grouse moors are not very difficult shooting, these were not August snipe, but water meadow snipe—that is, migrants, not home-bred birds; and, as far as is known to the writer, snipe have not altered their manner of flying or their difficulty for the shot-gun. In reading what Colonel Hawker wrote in his diary it is clear that when he missed he had always various excuses to offer, but in no case does he say that he missed because the bird was coming towards him. Those who do not know the habit of game birds are very much inclined to believe that when birds are not driven by intention over the guns they never do come over. Nothing could possibly be more mistaken than this. Long before the writer had ever attended a drive he had learnt to kill driven birds by the number of chance birds that had come over him from a distance. Such accidents are of constant occurrence in shooting over dogs. A dog ranging in the distance blunders into the middle of a brood of grouse or a covey of partridges, and scatters them in all directions; they fly in their startled state in every direction, some over the shooter, some away from him. The former offer every variety of driven shot and nearly always with the wind behind them—always if the shooter is hunting his dogs up wind as he ought to be. Why, even during the past week the writer must have had as many as twenty chances at birds that were in every sense driven grouse, although they occurred to him as a spectator at the field trials at Chatsworth. Does anybody think that an expert shot like Colonel Hawker would have refrained from shooting at such birds on the ground that they were not going the right way, and is it possible that he who explained and tried to excuse every miss in his diary would not have recorded such shots and misses as difficult birds had he thought them so? The only difficulty about the shot is the mistake made by most beginners of shooting too soon, and when, therefore, the birds are still too far away. Probably the first experience of this the writer ever had was from a string of ducks coming up the line of a mountain burn down which he was walking. Two shots were fired straight at the ducks as they came; it was in fact as steady as a sitting shot, for the birds were not rising; neither shot had any effect, but when the keeper came up he remarked that the powder must be very weak, because he had heard the shot rattle on the feathers both times. After that the shooter learnt to let them come nearer before shooting, and results were different. Perhaps the most popular game birds, where they can be had, are home-bred wild duck and teal; the former especially are reckoned to give much more severe tests of man and gun than the best pheasant that ever flew.

Undoubtedly it is a correct estimate, for their feathers will turn enough shot to smash a pheasant. Yet these birds have always been the delight of the British shooter, but with this difference, that whereas we shoot them by driving in the daytime, our ancestors shot them in the half dark. Long before the writer attended a grouse drive he had seen flight shooting, and although he himself could never shoot in the dark, he has seen at least one man who could kill with half his shots. He did this even in a light not good enough to see the ducks against the sky more than 60yds. away. On these grounds it appears to be nonsense to claim greater difficulty for the shots we get than those got by our ancestors. If that is so, there is no ground whatever for saying that we are better shots than they were. I maintain, on the contrary, that whereas there was no room for improvement when Colonel Hawker killed fourteen consecutive snipe, there is plenty of room for improvement when the crack shots of to-day think they have done wonderfully well when they kill two grouse out of every three fired at. That was Lord Walsingham's average in his famous big drive wherein he killed over 1,000 grouse to his own gun. That nobody can do better now I freely admit, but that does not imply that nobody ever will. There may not be an extraordinary natural shot amongst us now, and this seems likely enough, for there are at least twenty amongst those who have had heaps of shooting who are about equally good, and goodness knows how many there are who would have been equal to them had they had equal opportunities. There are a good many hundreds of men now who shoot as many cartridges away in a year as Colonel Hawker fired in forty years. But there are very many thousands who do not shoot on an average half as many per annum as he did. Amongst the latter are many capital shots, and it has often occurred to the writer, when he has seen a brilliant performance at half-a-dozen consecutive birds, that opportunity alone was wanting to make a wonderful shot. It may be that the rising generation will startle the older ones yet, but they have not hitherto done so in the matter of shooting. What has come to perfection in the last thirty years is just what our oldest sporting paper deplors the loss of—that is, woodcraft has become a science. It does not follow, as the writer in that journal seems to think it does, that because woodcraft cannot be carried on while three guns are being worked at a pack of grouse, the skill and craft of the shooter has not directed the flight of every bird. The highest art of grouse driving is to cause every bird on 1,000 acres of moorland to rise and fly to a given point, where is situated a line of guns covering some 500yds. in a straight line. It is not difficult to talk about. It is all very well to say that any fool can do it; but let any fool try, and then see what the bag amounts to. A knowledge of the natural history of the grouse will not help much either. I would personally back a keeper, one who did not know how many times a grouse moulted in the year, to beat the best naturalist that ever trod a moorland at driving grouse, either on his own moor or a strange one.

Woodcraft is not altogether natural history, and those who attempted to learn grouse driving at the British Museum library and the Natural History Museum, common-sense, of course, assumed as well, would find that woodcraft was something totally different when they began operations on a grouse moor. Local habits are almost everything in grouse driving, and the rest is governed by the wind. The wind is of far less importance on the flat moors of England than it is in Scotland, where every corrie or hill may give a different turn to it for each drive, and it is no uncommon thing to see driving operations in Scotland fail entirely because, although the grouse have started in the right direction, they have met a cross current of wind which has taken pack after pack away to the right or left at exactly the same point in their flight, and never a grouse has reached the guns at all. That is one reason why grouse driving is, apparently, impossible on some dog moors. But there are others, one of which is that the grouse absolutely refuse to be driven. It is well known that Yorkshire keepers have been taken up to Scotland to show how the thing should be done. In some districts they have succeeded, but in others they have failed miserably, and this because it was not the nature of the grouse to fly when startled by strange sights. There is a vast amount of bad driving done in Scotland, and much harm is done to moors by cultivating the instinct of driven grouse on ground which will not drive in August. Gradually, and year by year, the birds get wilder for this kind of driving late in the season, and as this happens so is the moor spoilt for shooting over dogs in future seasons. It is not very great sport to be one of eight or ten guns for a day's driving in which sixty brace of grouse may be killed. I would vastly prefer good dogs on such moors as these, although I would never let a Yorkshire grouse see a dog.

ARGUS OLIVE.

## A GREAT RUSSIAN STUD.



GROUP OF MARES OF DIFFERENT BREEDS ON THE STEPPES.

THERE are six State studs in Russia—one at Janow, not far from Warsaw, which is chiefly for half-bred horses, that is, Russian horses crossed with thorough-breds; one at Krenovoya, the home of the Orloff trotters, and also a dépôt for farm horses for the peasants; and four in the district of Kharkoff: Dirkoûl for thorough-breds, Limarévo for the saddle horse breed of Orloffs, Norvo Alexandroff for English half-breds, and Streleitch for Arabs crossed with the saddle type of Orloffs.

The ordinary idea of a district made me think that time would be best spent in visiting the four latter studs, but a little better acquaintance with Russia persuaded me to be more modest in my thirst for knowledge about horseflesh, and to devote myself to Krenovoya.

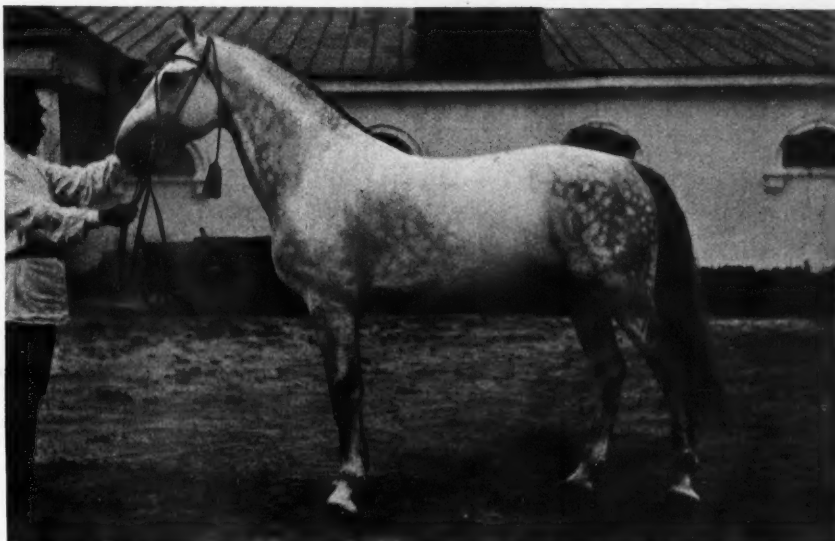
This is not only considerably larger than



any of the other studs, but possesses a peculiar attraction in being the home of the Orloff trotter, now the horse *par excellence* of Russia, and never, as far as I could learn, having been visited by an Englishman before. In 1775 Krenovoya belonged to Count Orloff, a great Russian noble, who lived constantly on his estate, and devoted himself to horse-breeding. He began by crossing black Danish mares with grey Arab stallions, and at last succeeded in the production of a horse called Barse, which was the foundation of the Orloff horses, crossed in and in with mares bred in a similar way.

The likeness of this famous horse is now on the same bronze statue as his master, in the centre of the grounds of Krenovoya, depicted as drawing one of the small low-wheeled carriages, which are unchanged at the present time, and in which the stallions now are daily exercised. In fact, everything is done to maintain the original character of the place, which for the last hundred years has been the chief source of supply of all the best Orloff horses. When the Count died, this estate, which was only a portion of the huge possessions of the Orloff family, and was stated to contain some 200,000 acres, was left to the State. A large part of it is now in the hands of peasants, while the remainder is still kept to maintain and improve the horse that Count Orloff loved so well.

Travelling anywhere off the beaten track in Russia is always



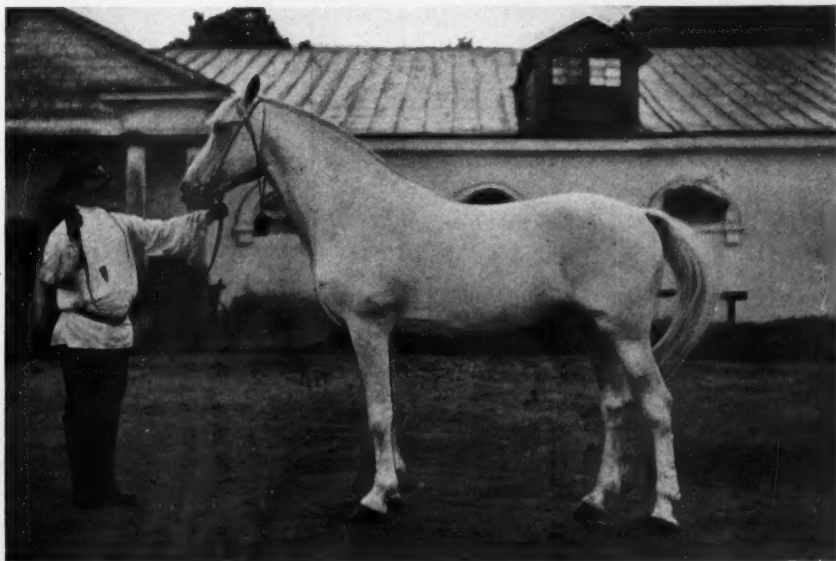
ORLOFF STALLION, ZURUFF.

over a rustic bridge and arrived in the grounds of the State stud, and were met with the utmost kindness by General Derfelden, the wise administrator of the stud, under whose judicious care many improvements are now being effected. General Derfelden's house is situated in pretty gardens almost in the centre of the stud, and round it are scattered, at irregular intervals, the buildings that form the central station. Many of these are old and have been little changed since Prince Orloff's time, but new stables of a thoroughly practical design, a very fine riding school, and other buildings more suitable to modern requirements, are being rapidly constructed, and shortly the stud may be expected to be worthy of its position as the chief Government stud in Russia. You drive from the enclosures directly on to the steppes, stretching away for miles and miles in the distance, but relieved here and there by patches of woodland in which wolves are said to abound. In winter the wolves do most damage, but even foals are not always safe from their depredations. This steppe land varies but little all over Russia, and the pasture, which is left to Nature, has the appearance of being entirely composed of weeds. Owing to an exceptionally wet summer a second growth of flowers was coming up at the beginning of August, giving some idea of the brilliant beauty of the sward in early spring. Away from the central depot the buildings are of the simplest description, and are merely rough houses for the herds to sleep in, and large circular yards of a particularly useful design, in which the horses can escape from severe storms in winter and flies in summer, while there are special places where the foals are given by themselves each day a

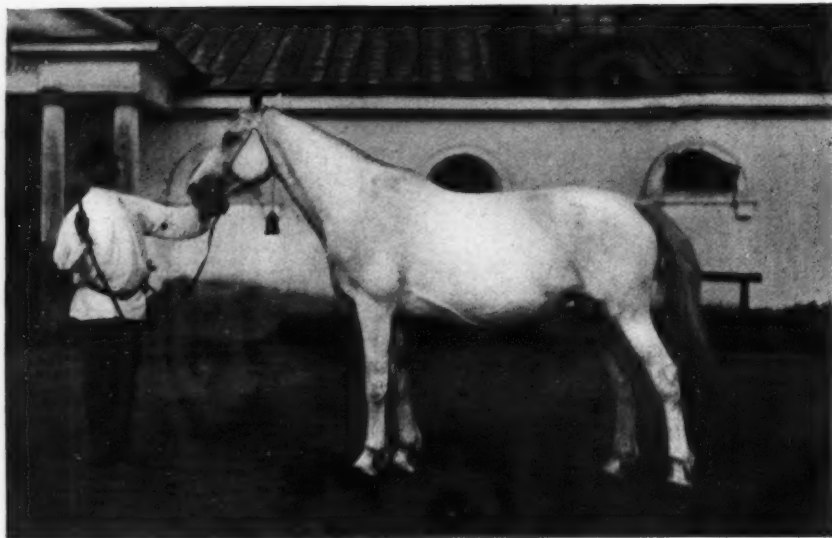


STREET SCENE IN THE VILLAGE OF LINSKI.

a matter of difficulty, and the journey to Krenovoya was no exception to the rule; much, however, of the route was of considerable interest, and in some of the villages on the way which there was plenty of time to inspect I secured the possession of snap-shots of very typical Russian scenes which do not come within the reach of the ordinary tourist. Krenovoya is situated in the Government of Voronezh, in the steppe country lying between the Volga and the Don, not far from the home of the Don Cossacks, about whom many are the interesting tales that are told. One first comes to a straggling village of about 6,000 inhabitants, a village of irregular groups of houses, scattered about amidst gulfs of black mud, through which no one but a Russian "isvoschik" would attempt to drive. It is a fairly thriving place, but some of its inhabitants have their divisions of land from ten to fifteen and even up to twenty versts away from their homes, and in the seedtime and harvest they camp out on their land, sleeping in the open fields or in their carts, and returning to the villages for Sundays or feast days. It is marvellous what a Russian peasant will go through, as an ordinary event of his daily life, without a murmur, and one of the chief drawbacks to village communities is, no doubt, the distance from which his land must often be separated from the peasant's homestead. Heavy rains had preceded our visit, and after a drive which was in itself an experience, we crossed

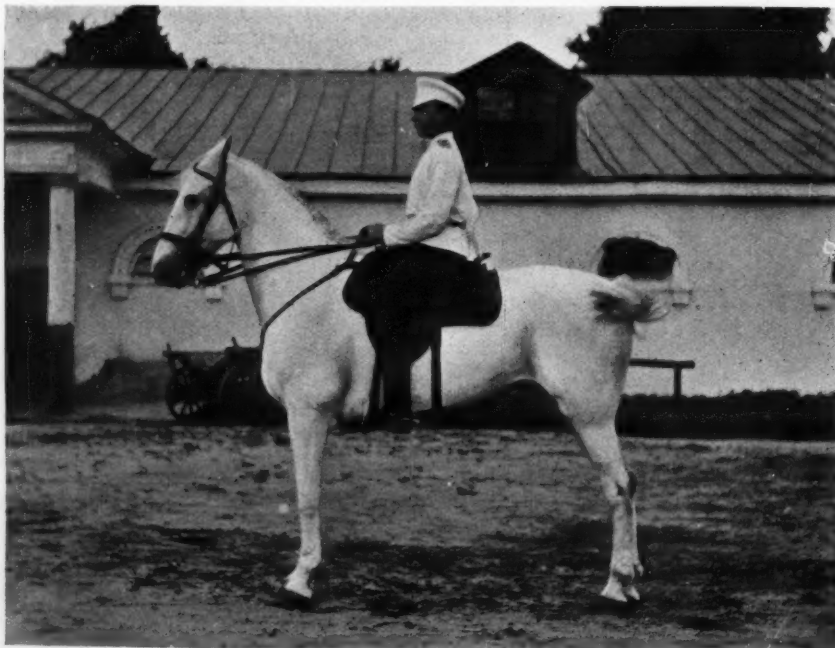


ORLOFF STALLION, VEHTERBUIGINI.



SPECIMEN OF ORLOFF BROOD MARE.

feed of oats while still at their mothers' side. Salt forms a constant item in the horses' dietary, and is considered so necessary that in the Baltic provinces there is a law making its use obligatory both for horses and cattle, while oats and steppe hay (a combination of weeds and flowers) make up the other extra food that the horses require. General Derfelden thoroughly believes in the wisdom of giving a young animal every advantage during the first two years of its existence, after which he thinks it should be able to shift pretty well for itself. The oats grown in the rich steppe land seemed sound and good, while I am sure that the hay must be better than it looks. The stud consists of about 1,000 horses in all. Of these eighteen Orloff stallions and 150 Orloff mares form the feature of the stud, while the other stallions consist of Ardennes and Brabancon horses, a few cobby little stallions from Belgium, and four Suffolk Punches; and of the mares there are nearly 200 of these breeds more or less mixed together. This system of mixing up the horses, which has been in force for some time, is gradually being put an end to, and shortly there will be nothing but groups of distinct breeds kept to themselves, forming dépôts from which they can radiate through the country. The Ardennes are plain-looking little horses, with great power for their size, and are said to be of much value to the small land-holders in the North, and it seems probable that this breed will be kept up and improved; but neither the Belgium nor Brabancon horses struck



MARE DRIVEN BY THE CZAR AT HIS CORONATION.

me as possessing many characteristics worth preserving, and when it comes to the larger horses, the Suffolk Punch is evidently the most popular, a freedom from hairy heels being a decided advantage in the sticky steppe mud. Besides this, the more intelligent peasants on the good land have taken to this class of horse, and require one that will produce a good-sized foal. The horses owned by the peasants are by no means bad, and while being useful animals for light harness work should produce either a good light farm horse, a carriage horse, or a cavalry remount, according as the mares may be mated with a Suffolk Punch, an Orloff, or a thorough-bred or half-bred stallion.

It is difficult to describe anything more enjoyable than driving over the boundless steppes in a real Russian "troika" drawn by four horses abreast, the two centre horses trotting, and the two outside, with their heads bent outward, going at a hand-gallop—and keeping this up with extraordinary ease—with the coachman gay with peacock's feathers and other finery; and a most pleasant experience had come to an end when General Derfelden and I had completed our inspection of the

various groups of horses on the steppes, doing our last ten versts in 35min.

It is, however, the Orloff horses that I am most anxious to depict. Bred originally from Arab stallions and Danish mares, they have in a marked degree perpetuated the character-



GENERAL DERFELDEN'S TROIKA.

istics of these different breeds, the black Orloffs being too often light in the body, with indifferently shaped legs, much subject to bursal enlargements, defects which they have inherited from their dams, while the grey Orloffs show far more quality, much better bone, and that fineness of skin and hair so typical of their Eastern sires; and this throwing back from colour to type is one of the most interesting features of the breed. There are other colours, such as bay and chestnut, but those of these colours that I have seen do not strike me as nearly so typical, the black and grey being essentially the Orloff colours, and the grey being infinitely preferable to the black and more worth preserving. Fine as a pair of black Orloffs look, this infirmity of limb is a decided disadvantage to what may be described as essentially a carriage horse. The Orloffs at Krenovoya are naturally very good, and among the stallions are hardly any bad ones, while the first eight or nine are remarkably fine animals of the best carriage horse type, an impression that is strengthened on seeing them in harness. The dash and resolution of a good Orloff stallion must be seen to be appreciated; in fact, the Orloff appears to be a specially resolute horse with a fine temper. The best mares were in no degree behind the sires, and several beautiful animals of a true brood mare type, some 16h. high, can be seen in this stud. Here again all the best are grey.

With the help of photographs, some of which are here given, and impressions carefully noted at the time, I came to the conclusion that the Orloff is an exceedingly fine harness horse. Here, as everywhere, the best are hard



to find, and no true impression can be formed of the breed in the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow. The Orloff's influence on the other horses in the country has been considerable, and bad as many of the ordinary driving horses are, they appear to be endowed with plenty of action in front, and to possess the power of going at a good pace. Most imported horses are said in Russia to acquire the characteristics of the country in three generations, and no doubt the influence of climate and surroundings is too often not sufficiently recognised in horse-breeding experiments. The Orloff mares are not bred from until four years old, and they, in common with many special breeds of horses on the Continent, come very slowly to maturity, the Arab being in this respect the strongest example of slow development, and not reaching perfection until seven or eight years old. When Orloffs are used for racing purposes, as is often the case, there is some danger that American trotting blood may be introduced. There is already an American trainer at the Krenovoya Stud at a very high salary, and though he will doubtless improve the horses' manners, and show how the utmost may be made of their speed, it is to



ORLOFF STALLION IN SMALL CARRIAGE.

be hoped that the Orloff may not be turned into a racing machine, but may remain as he now is—the most dashing and picturesque carriage horse in Europe.

## THE INTERMENT OF THE SARDINES.

AMONG several curious customs perpetuated by the curious people that inhabit the Pays Basques is that Shrove Tuesday business of the "Interment des sardines" or "Interro de los sardinos," accordingly as you are in the country of the French or the Spanish Basques. It needs not to say that the Basque people, peculiar in its origin, its language, and many of its customs, lives on either side of the Pyrenees towards the Biscayan shores. The language of these people is so peculiar that its source is absolutely unascertained, some deeming that it has a root affinity to the Finnish, some to the American Indian. In any case it is of such difficulty for the foreigner, that legend has it that the devil himself, requiring to know Basque for his doubtful purposes, made a six years' stay in the country, but yet failed to learn it, and left for his own warmer climates in despair. And it even appears that it was very nearly too much for the wonderful linguistic powers of George Borrow himself. The chief distinguishing head-mark of these people's attire is THE BERET, or cloth cap worn by the men; for the feet the ESPADRILLES, or rope-soled shoes, for summer wear, the sabot for wet weather. They are an active, CHEERFUL FOLK. One of the principal, and in some ways most typical, of the Basque provinces is that of Guipuzcoa, in Spain, where only, according to the "Ramuntcho"



ESPADRILLES

of Pierre Loti, the national Basque game of *pelota*—the game played in the long court with the basket glove—is kept up in its perfection. Though the sardine is a little fish, he goes for a great deal in the economy of the maritime part of these people. When the season approaches for his coming to the Biscayan coasts, the look-out that is maintained for him is constant. On a headland, lighthouse, or other point of vantage, a man is stationed whose special function is to watch for him. The man is armed with a horn or bugle, and when he perceives the shoal of sardines, or evidences that the shoal is there, in shape of gulls innumerable clamouring as they feast above it, then he winds this horn sonorously, and forthwith the BASQUE FISHERS come down to their boats of the undecked type—so excellent in their lines that they have been accepted as the models of our own men-of-war's boats—and go forth into the Bay of Biscay to encircle with their round nets the multitudes of little fishes. The storms come up fast on these coasts that the mountains frown upon, and sometimes the little boats, with sails spread in the manner that makes them seem in the distance like the wings of butterflies held above their backs, have to come scudding home at their best speed, glad to be in safety again.

So, for a great part of the year the sardine fishery is the chief means of livelihood of many



BASQUE FISHERS.

of these cheery Basque people, of those at least that live in or near the seaport towns. Cheerfulness is one of their eminent characteristics; they are cheerful and plucky in the midst of the storms that menace their boats, their nets, and their lives, and they are no less cheerful and ready to make the best, and see the brightest, of the passing hour when they have laid their labours aside and are enjoying their native games, songs, and dances. In folk that live under the mountain's shadow, as these folk live, there can hardly fail to be a strain of melancholy, if not of romance—doubtless there is a strain of superstition—not at all contradictory to the general cheeriness of their dispositions. Rather, such characteristics are the natural obverse of the cheeriness. The Basques share, with all the children of France and Spain, among whom they are placed, the love of such innocent entertainments as fairs and merry meetings. They have their processions at the seasons that the Church has marked, their little local versions of the Passion Play enacted on Good Friday, with a grand finale in which Judas Iscariot is hunted into the Bidassoa, and may count himself fairly lucky if he get off with a good sound ducking; for these people soon get their feelings worked up, and a pious fervour for revenge on the traitor's sometimes apt to take possession of them. These ceremonies are more or less common to most peoples of the Latin race and the Roman Catholic religion; but what these Basques have of the same kind that is rather peculiar to themselves is the ceremony associated with the sardine—the interment, the burial of the sardine, as it is called. And why it is so called nobody in the wide world seems to know.

No doubt there is many a wise man in the world that does know; but the writer has never come across one of these wise men, and, asking many a Spaniard and many a Frenchman of education living in the Basque provinces on either side of the Pyrenees, they have not been able to tell him. The name seems the most positive misnomer to the plain man's way of looking at a thing, for the ceremony takes place on Shrove Tuesday, the day on which the *jours maigres*, the fish-diet days on which the sardine is specially to be eaten, are just beginning, so that if they were to have the raising of the sardine out of the depths of the sea, instead of its interment, it would seem more appropriate; unless, indeed, the notion is that, as this day is the beginning of death to very many a sardine, the time of his burial—burial down the gullets of the Basque and other pious peoples—ought to be at hand. But whatever the meaning of the name may be, even that is not more difficult to comprehend than the meaning of the ceremonies associated with it. They seem to us meaningless; to our lack of comprehension they seem even a little childish and ridiculous. But probably that is our fault.

A Basque man might conceivably be so lacking in the bump of veneration as to smile at our own Lord Mayor's Show. This thing, perhaps, means more to them than our Lord Mayor's



CHEERFUL FOLK.

a miracle, through a trap-door. Little devils jump up, with flames, through the trap-door; they dance over the tomb, or the place of disappearance of the effigy of sardinedom; and that is all, except the clapping. What it all means, who knows? Only that wise folk-lorist whom the writer has not yet met. But in another sense what it all means we can all see. It means that the Basques are a cheery, pleasant, pious, easily-amused people, with some of the characteristics of mountaineers (that is almost to say of children) about them. They like little shows and pageants, though they do not know what they mean by them—like them all the better for not knowing, most likely. That is about all there is to say of it, only that it is amusing to the Briton too, who comes to that country as a tourist, to go and see these things, and look on, open-eyed and open-mouthed, and wonder what sort of a fool a foreigner is, and thank all his stars that he is a Briton and not like this poor foreigner. For that is what being a Briton means, and it is the chief reason that we are beloved so fondly as we are over all the appreciative continent of Europe.

## THE . . . . BASSET-HOUND.

THIS picturesque-looking and unquestionably useful breed is confounded by many persons with the dachshund, which is entirely a mistake, as the subject of this article is of French extraction, whilst the dachshund, as his name implies, is German. A still greater distinction than a mere matter of nationality, moreover, exists between the two breeds, as the basset is essentially a hound, whilst the smaller animal belongs more to the terrier family, the translation of his German appellation into English being simply badger-dog, and in his capacity as such he transacts a great deal of useful business under ground. The basset-hound, on the contrary, is largely utilised in his native France for tracking purposes, the pursuit of wounded game being his particular *forte*, as his short and frequently contorted limbs, of which more anon, render him especially well adapted for this class of work.

Having thus attempted to disabuse the minds of many English dog-lovers of the fallacy of believing that the basset-hound of France and the badger-dog of Germany are practically one and the same animal, a few lines may be devoted to the earlier history of the former variety in this country. Perhaps the late Sir Everett Millais is entitled to the credit of having been the first British owner to familiarise his fellow dog-lovers with the appearance of the basset-hound, as his still-remembered tri-colour Model was frequently a very successful competitor at the dog shows of the middle and late seventies. It was the destiny of Mr. George R. Krehl, however, to thoroughly establish the variety in England, and he accomplished this feat some twenty years ago, about which period his incomparable Fino de Paris and Pallas were simply irresistible in the show-ring, their successes having the result of attracting a considerable number of influential exhibitors and breeders towards the variety. The practical accomplishments of the basset-hound were likewise afforded an opportunity of becoming known to the British public, as a pack for hunting the drag was established, and this no doubt



THE BERET.

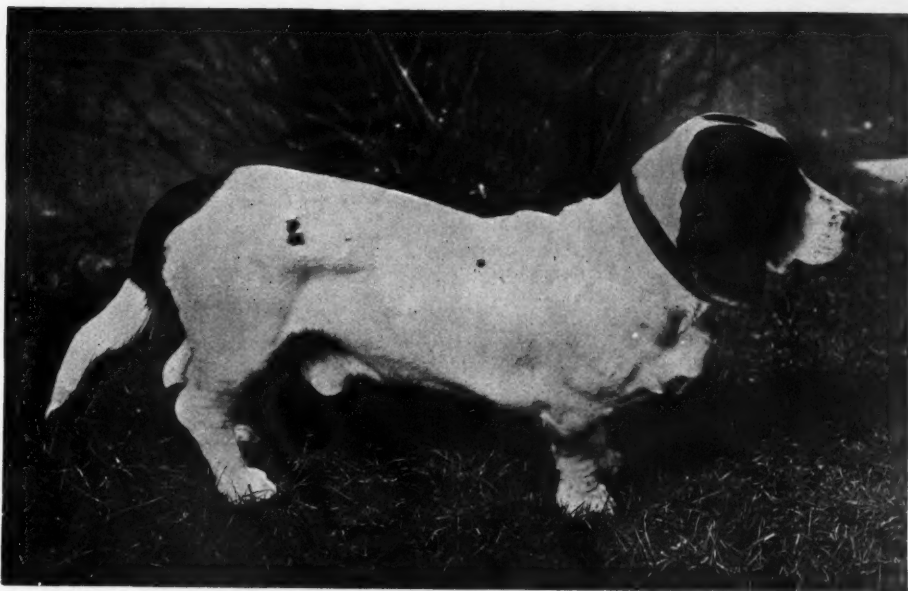
Show to us; but it is hard to say. There is a procession of knights—funeral procession, no doubt; then a body is brought in, signifying the incarnation of all sardinedom, no doubt. This body is put on a bier. There is a little show of processioning round about it. Then it disappears into the lower regions, by



assisted materially in popularising the variety at the time; as since that date the basset-hound has received his full share of powerful and aristocratic patronage.

So much for the earlier history of this ancient continental variety as far as this country is concerned; but it now becomes desirable to devote a small amount of space to the chief points and characteristics of the breed.

The most striking of these in the eyes of the outside world will probably be the general appearance of the animals, as the basset-hound might very well be taken for a cut-down foxhound at a first glance. The shape of the skull, the beautifully moulded muzzle, and the exquisite chiselling of the entire head-piece, at once suggest the foxhound, as do the heavy body, well-sprung ribs, and coarse, gaily-carried stern, whilst there is likewise a strong similarity of colour and markings. When, however, the legs and feet are reached, the illusion is at once dispelled, for assuredly no foxhound that ever existed, no matter what combination of misfortunes and accidents he had experienced, could be made to possess such a set of under-standings as does the subject of this article. Before



T. Fall.

WASHINGTON.

Baker Street.

yellowish grizzle colour, with dense wire-haired coats, very similar to that of the otter-hound; but, as will be noticed from the accompanying illustrations, tri-colours are also to be met with, and extremely handsome dogs they are.

The exceedingly handsome and typical representatives of the basset-hound which form the subjects of the pictures given herewith are the property of Mrs. Tottie of Coniston Hall, Ben Bush, Leeds, whose own likeness appears in company with that of the beautiful PURITAN, which was bred by her in the year 1897, and which has won prizes in the very strongest competition at such shows as the Crystal Palace, Braintree, and other leading exhibitions. The portraits of MAID MARION, WASHINGTON, BARONESS, and WANTAGE also represent specimens of the basset-hound which may be accepted by students of the points of the breed as in every way representative thereof, their owner being a lady who has for a long time been known as a dog-lover who only will have the best animals to be procured about her.

For some years Mrs. Tottie was an enthusiast in Skye terriers, but she, wisely perhaps, withdrew her patronage from this variety in consequence of the inability displayed by many of the Skye terrier breeders to agree between themselves upon the



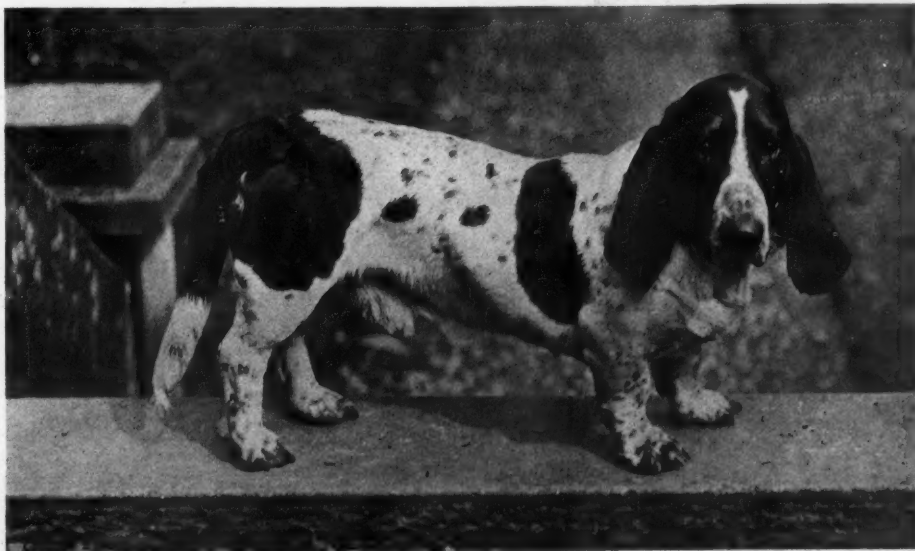
T. Fall.

CAPRICE.

Baker Street.

alluding to the question of legs, it may, perhaps, be as well to observe that in France there are three recognised kinds of limb, which are respectively known as *jambes droites*, *jambes semi-torses*, and *jambes torses*, the latter there as here being the most popular, and also possibly the most serviceable, as the hounds with twisted legs must move more slowly after wounded game, and consequently the hunters are able to keep up better with them. As will be seen in the accompanying illustrations, the knees of the basset-hounds turn in and the feet out, to an extent that makes the animals very indifferent movers when compared with other members of the hound family, but such points are regarded as distinctly in their favour.

There is also a rough-coated variety of basset-hound known as griffon, some excellent specimens of which inhabit the Royal Kennels at Sandringham, which they have occasionally represented most successfully at many leading dog shows. The griffons more closely resemble the otter-hound than the fox-hound in the shape of their heads, and those seen in this country have been for the most part a sort of



T. Fall.

WANTAGE.

Baker Street.

subject of the type to be bred for. Since then she has devoted her attention chiefly to basset-hounds, and with such energy that her kennel is one of the most widely known in the country, whilst of late Mrs. Tottie has evinced a tendency to support bulldogs, having already made her mark as a successful exhibitor with the extremely handsome and well-bred Marita, which was greatly admired and highly praised at the recent show of the Bulldog Club held at the Royal Aquarium, Westminster.

## DRY-FLY FISHING.

### III.—The Old Man in us.

THE pleasures I myself derive from dry-fly fishing are the result of two distinct kinds of sensations. In beginning an article on the pleasures of dry-fly fishing in this way I am rather afraid I shall seem egotistical. The reader who desires to know something about this extraordinarily fascinating pursuit may say that he wants to know what are the delights of the dry-fly angler, not what are my delights in particular. But I have no right to be quite sure that my delights in this respect are identical with those of dry-fly anglers generally, though I believe they are in the main. To be on the safe side, I prefer in this paper to write down my own feelings or sensations as a dry-fly angler; some of these without doubt are common to all dry-fly fishermen, to all fly fishermen, irrespective of the method of angling employed—nay, more, to all anglers. And perhaps there may be other delights in dry-fly fishing beyond those affecting me, which I have not yet been fortunate enough to appreciate and enjoy fully, but shall arrive at by-and-bye; if so, the cup of joy, always so full by the glorious river-side, will surely well-nigh overflow.

A friend of mine, for instance, intimates that until the angler has entirely got rid of the spirit of competition he cannot enjoy angling to the full. Well, there still lurks in me a desire to hold my own when other anglers near to me are holding theirs, which is, I hope, not so strong as in early days, but which

enjoys oneself without a thought of what other anglers are doing on the same water, which days fortunately form a vast majority of the angling ones of our lives.

My first kind of pleasurable sensations in dry-fly fishing are of a predatory character. In his delightful "Tennyson: A Memoir," Lord Tennyson records the fact that his father did not take altogether kindly to Lionel Tennyson's love of field sports;



T. Fall,

BARONESS.

Baker Street.

but, said the father philosophically, after admitting this dislike, "Man is a predatory animal." I hope that what I am going to say, indeed what I have already said, will not alienate those who have a horror of anything in the form of cruelty in sport.

Dry-fly fishing has such a very good name, that one would be sorry to say anything to tarnish its reputation as a branch of that sport which Wordsworth, most humane of men, called "blameless." But I would rather be thought cruel than a hypocrite.

Man was nakedly predatory in prehistoric time, when "wild in woods the noble savage ran," and I cannot help thinking that the old man comes out in us when we hunt the varmint fox—I mean hunt it scientifically, rather than go out for a gallop without caring whether we kill the fox or no—and stalk the wild creature in its lair in wood or water. When I am by the river-side intent on getting a particular trout which I see rising in a difficult place, the old man—gone, to all appearance, infinite ages ago—comes out strong in me; I am the keen hunter, and every faculty is brought to bear upon the task of how to circumvent and obtain that trout.

Possibly—though of this I am not by any means certain—my noble savage ancestor of the aforesaid infinite ages ago would not have been particular as to the precise method in which he got that trout out of the water, and would (if he could) have snatched, wormed, or netted it out; whereas you and I, no matter how predatory we feel, how near we may be to creatures "red in tooth and claw with ravin," do not want to get the trout out at all unless we can get it by means of a dry fly cleanly cast, timed to a nicety so as to reach the fish before the current has got a grip of the line and caused an

ugly "drag," which spells certain failure. We choose to look on this as our refinement, and surely we are quite justified in taking this view.

Let the man who takes an austere view of sport in any form, whether with gun, fishing-rod, or foxhounds, who detests the killing of the lower animals for men's gratification—and I gather from their letters to the newspapers



T. Fall,

MRS. TOTTIE WITH CHAMPION PURITAN.

Baker Street.

somehow has not yet utterly disappeared. My friend is quite right. Such a spirit of competition, no matter how frank and friendly it be, does lead to a certain amount of uneasiness. True it is only occasional, spasmodic; but no doubt the sooner we are able to be entirely rid of it, the more undiluted will be our pleasure in angling.

However, I desire now to write only of days when one



that there are people, amongst them carnivorous people, who hold such opinions—admit, at any rate, that we are refined savages.

Dry-fly fishing brings out the hunter and the stalker as few other field sports which I know of. The trout of the chalk, limestone, and other streams, where the method is practised, are commonly of a large size, sometimes even averaging 2lb. apiece in weight, and they live in very clear water. Wary by nature, they really seem to be rendered almost doubly suspicious by the wiles which anglers are ever practising upon them. Many trout, in much-fished water, have been pricked, many hooked, played and lost; and fish which have gone through alarming experiences of this kind become very shy of gut and artificial flies on hooks.

"Once hooked, twice shy"—how true it is! So they have to be hunted or stalked with the greatest possible care. Every device the angler can think of to allay their suspicions, and to avoid setting them down—that is, causing them, through downright fear or else disquieting apprehensions, to cease feeding and lower themselves towards the bottom of the stream—every such device must be resorted to.

Often, in order to hide himself, the angler must kneel; sometimes, when at close quarters to the trout, even lie flat on the ground and cast horizontally, so that the rod may not be seen or its shadow. It has been my privilege lately to read through the proof sheets of a work on hunting which is being written by a friend, and I find therein a fascinating explanation of why fox-hunting in particular is such a very attractive pursuit to those who really understand it. The fox, as the writer remarks, looks all over a creature worthy to be hunted. His craftiness is so great that we long to lay him low. But I hold that a large trout, which has been stalked and very likely hooked several times in his life, is in his element no less crafty than the fox, no less worthy to be hunted. The shy, suspicious creature will come forth again and again from his lair and inspect the artificial fly offered him, even follow it down stream a yard or so at times, only to reject it in the end. Then he is a big bully, and will savagely strike at any smaller trout which poaches on his feeding ground, but retire discreetly before a rival of superior size. And finally, when he is well hooked, what a fierce struggle he makes for it!

Just as you have had to practise every device you know of to get him on, so now you will have to try to defeat every device he will make to get off. Up stream and down stream, and into the weeds and among the snags, and right under your feet—as though he knew the fear you have of a loose line—and clean out of the water once, twice, thrice, perhaps—all these plans of escape will he attempt if opportunity offers. If, doubting the strength of your fine, possibly even drawn gut, you should deal too gently with him, he may get into the weeds, and so very likely away; and if, forgetful of the fineness of your gut, you are over-rough, then a sudden furious rush will lose all. To see something of the quarry surely adds nearly always to the excitement, though I know some anglers do say there is more mystery about the quarry not seen, and therefore more of interest. When the fox is viewed by hound or hunter the sport is ever stimulated, and in my own case I find that the same thing applies to trout fishing. I like, if possible, to see the trout distinctly before I begin to cast to him. Some trout, though they are in the minority, do not lie near the surface and suck in the fly as it sails down over their heads, but come up with a sudden rush like a grayling, and, having taken the fly, rush down again, much as though they were scared. Such fish, in my opinion, are not nearly so satisfactory to angle for as trout which are lying close to the surface, and feeding in a much more leisurely manner. One wants to see everything one can of the trout angled for, and, of course, the method of dry-fly fishing in a clear chalk stream favours the angler greatly in this respect. Which is the most pleasurable moment in dry-fly fishing: when the trout is risen and hooked (it is said by good authorities that this is the moment of salmon fishing, the rise of the salmon being magnificent), or

when he is lifted safely from the water, or when he is placed in the creel and voted the fish of the day? Perhaps when he is fairly netted, for in the earlier stage there has been anxiety, and in the final stage, namely, when he is placed in the creel, the flush of success is beginning to pale, if ever so little. It is pleasant, too, when by-and-bye he is taken out of the creel, straightened out, placed on a large dish in the midst of his 1lb. or so satellites, and shown to those who ask: "Well, and what luck to-day?" I can conceive a gourmand saying that the best moment of all is when he is served up steaming hot on the breakfast-table, looking as pink in flesh as a salmon; but I do not enter into such feelings.

Whilst under a tree by the river bank on the upper Test last year, taking shelter from a violent storm, I was joined by a keeper, who entertained me with some of his reminiscences. He had been on the adjoining water for years, and could tell many a story of fish and fishermen. Here is one of his stories: "Perhaps you have a-heard tell of Mr. A—— L——. He lives in London, and is a great writer of books. Some gents take it to heart when they don't have sport, but Mr. L——, he wasn't of that sort. I reckon he never cared whether he took back trout or no. I remember one day he was fishing, and I was along with him. Well, he hooked and I landed for him a nicish trout of about a pound in weight. I was a-going to tap it on the head and put it into the basket, when Mr. L—— says very quietly, 'Well, keeper, I reckon we've had the best fun out of that trout, so put him back again into the water.' There was a rum go! There's not many like that, is there, sur? Thank you, sur; good-day, sur; it's a bit lighter overhead now, but it's about all over now, is fishing, till next year. I haven't seen scarce a trout rise to-day." No, indeed, there are not many who put back good sizable trout in this spirit unless their creel is already as full as they desire, but such an act shows the angler thoroughly understands the best part of dry-fly fishing so far as my first kind of sensations is concerned. It is true our savage ancestors, those primitive hunters, would have kept the trout because the mere food had then to be considered—though without a doubt they loved hunting apart from this consideration. We, however, are refined savages, and a few of us have apparently even arrived at that stage when, after we have had our fun out of a good trout, we can without hesitation put him back softly into his element. The second kind of sensations which yields me pleasure in dry-fly fishing cannot by any stretch of imagination be described



T. Fall.

Baker Street.

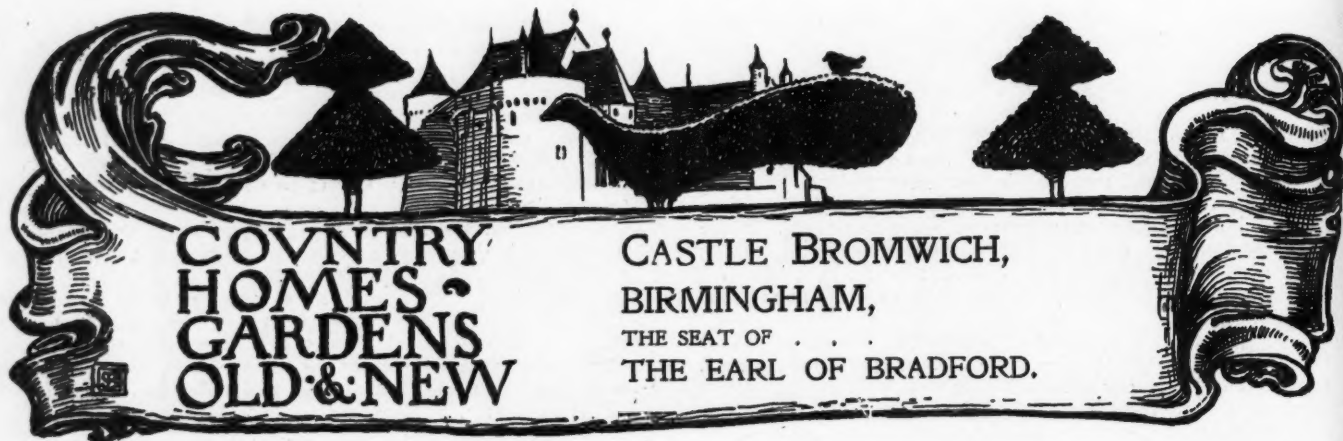
THE BASSET-HOUND: MAID MARION.

as marred by the least cruelty, or by any throw-back to a barbarous stage in the evolution of man. I am pleased to think that this second kind will have the approval of all my humanitarian friends, carnivorous and vegetarian alike. I propose to deal with it in my next paper.

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece is adorned this week by the portrait of the Countess of Dalkeith, the wife of the eldest living son of the Duke of Buccleuch. Lady Dalkeith, who was married in 1893, is the daughter of the fourth Earl of Bradford, and has four children—Lord Whitcheater, the Hon. William Walter Montagu Douglas-Scott, Lady Margaret Ida, and Lady Sybil Anne. In due course the Countess of Dalkeith is apparently destined to become Duchess of Buccleuch, and as such one of the very greatest of the great ladies of the kingdom, for the Scott family possesses vast estates, and has stood very high ever since the days of "Sir Walter Scott, Knt.," a powerful chieftain and a commander of renown in the Netherlands under the Prince of Orange. At present Lord Dalkeith possesses one great house, Eildon Hall, St. Boswells, N.B. When he comes into his inheritance he will be master of Dalkeith House in Edinburgh, of Bowhill at Selkirk, of the Lodge Langholm and Drumlanrig Castle, Dumfriesshire, of Broughton House, Kettering, and of Montagu House, Whitehall.



# COUNTRY HOMES GARDENS OLD & NEW

CASTLE BROMWICH,  
BIRMINGHAM,  
THE SEAT OF  
THE EARL OF BRADFORD.

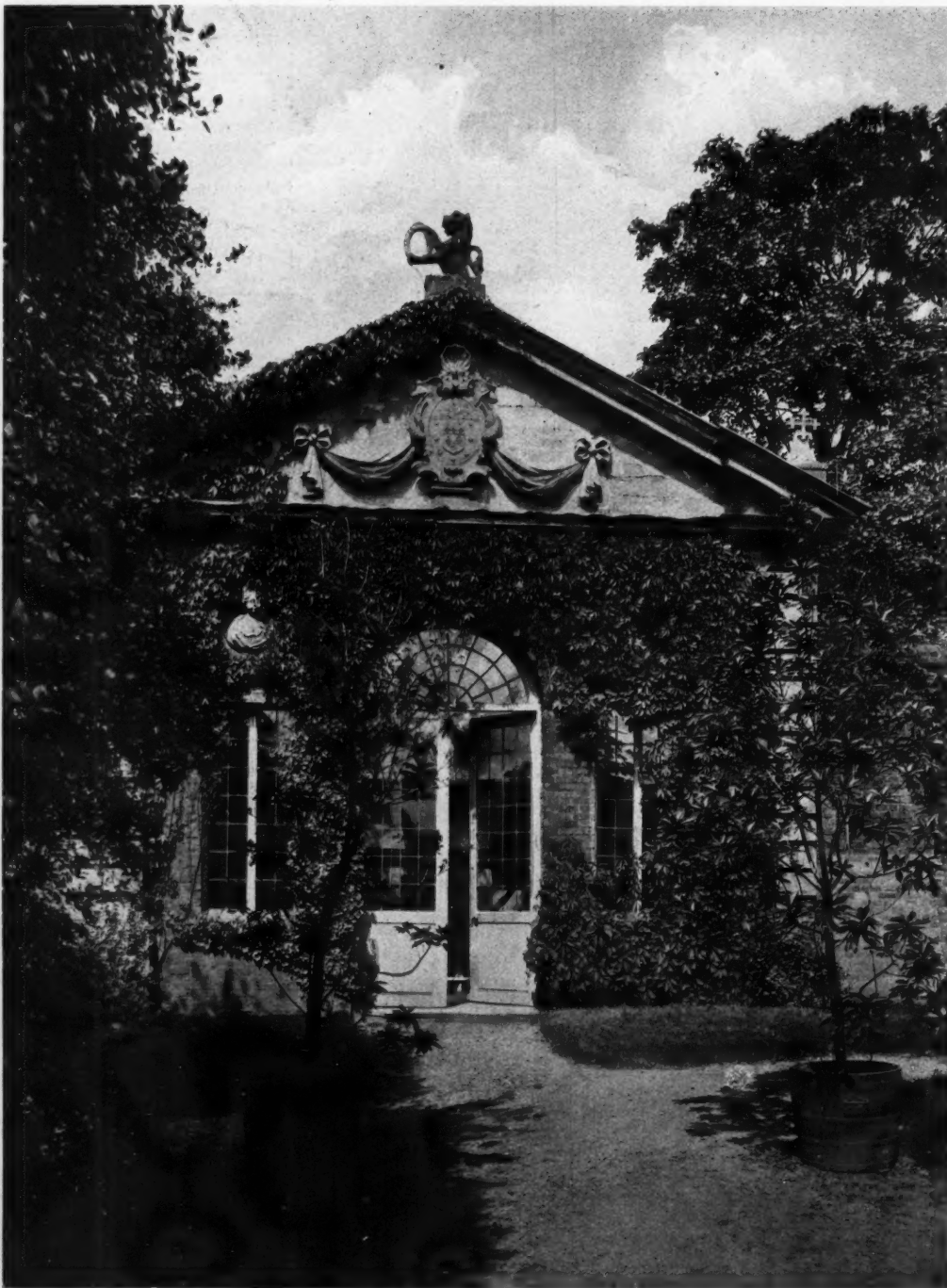
SIR EDWARD DEVEREUX, who represented Tamworth in Parliament in the memorable year of the Spanish Armada, built on a slight elevation between the rivers Thame and Cole, something more than five miles north of Birmingham, what has been well described as a "fair house of brick." According to a quaint custom which prevailed in this part of England, and doubtless in others, carried

out sometimes in stone or brick, and sometimes, as at Cleeve Prior, in yew, there was something of religious significance in the structure, for the twelve windows of the west front in the house that Devereux built corresponded to the twelve Apostles, and the four dormers to the four Evangelists, while the old and fruitful vine typified our Saviour. In 1657 Sir John Bridgeman purchased the place, and some fifteen years later remodelled a

part of it, including the south front, which, as in many houses of the time, was planned like a letter E, adding the fine classic porch, with the figures and the arms and monogram, as well as the balustrade. In his time, also, some of the gardens were formed. Even if this were not known, we might still asseverate the fact, for there never was a Tudor or Jacobean mansion without a fair garden for the pleasure of its owners. The history of gardening in the seventeenth century is, indeed, singularly interesting, since, at that time, under the influence of garden design in Italy, France, and Holland, new or rather developed character was being given to English pleasures.

The greater part of the house, which encloses a small court, is of two storeys, and has fine mullioned windows, with the excellent dormers above, but the principal front has a central compartment of three storeys, with the balustrading and classic porch, which have been alluded to. The avenue of aged limes probably belongs to this time. The original south gates and the avenue are now cut off by the road. Within, the hall has a fine oak chimney-piece, panelling, and screen, and there is a noble staircase, and a "great chamber," hung with tapestry, retaining much of its old furniture, and having an excellent panelled ceiling. There are also two hiding holes in the structure. The church of S. Mary and S. Margaret, which is a conspicuous feature from the garden, was restored, or rather rebuilt, by Sir John Bridgeman in 1731, and has the features of that time, but it encases a nearly complete timber-framed church, with a massive oak roof, probably of the fifteenth century.

The features of the beautiful garden at Castle Bromwich are broad and simple in character. The land being generally level, there has been no attempt to give a markedly

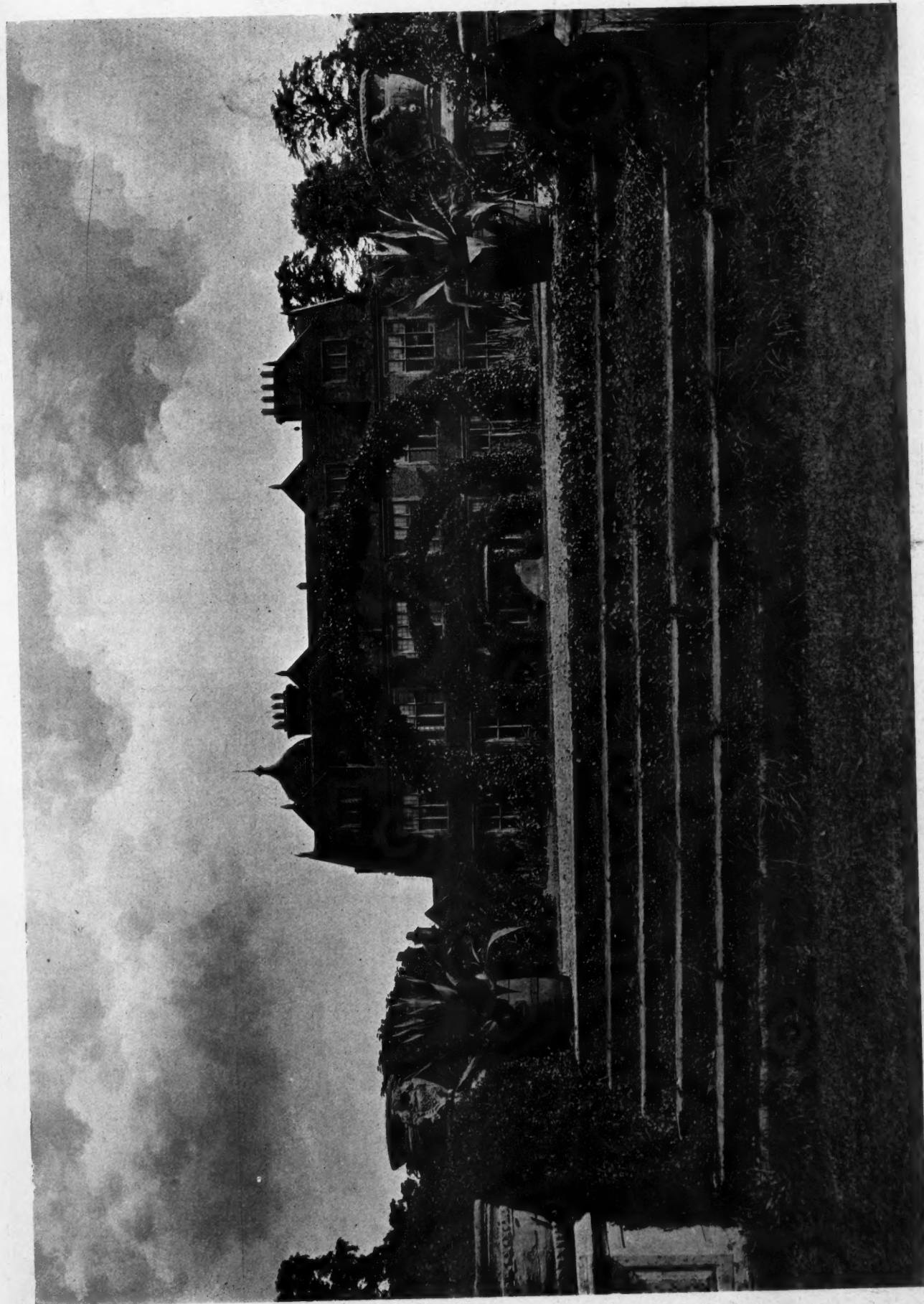


Copyright

THE EAST ORANGERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

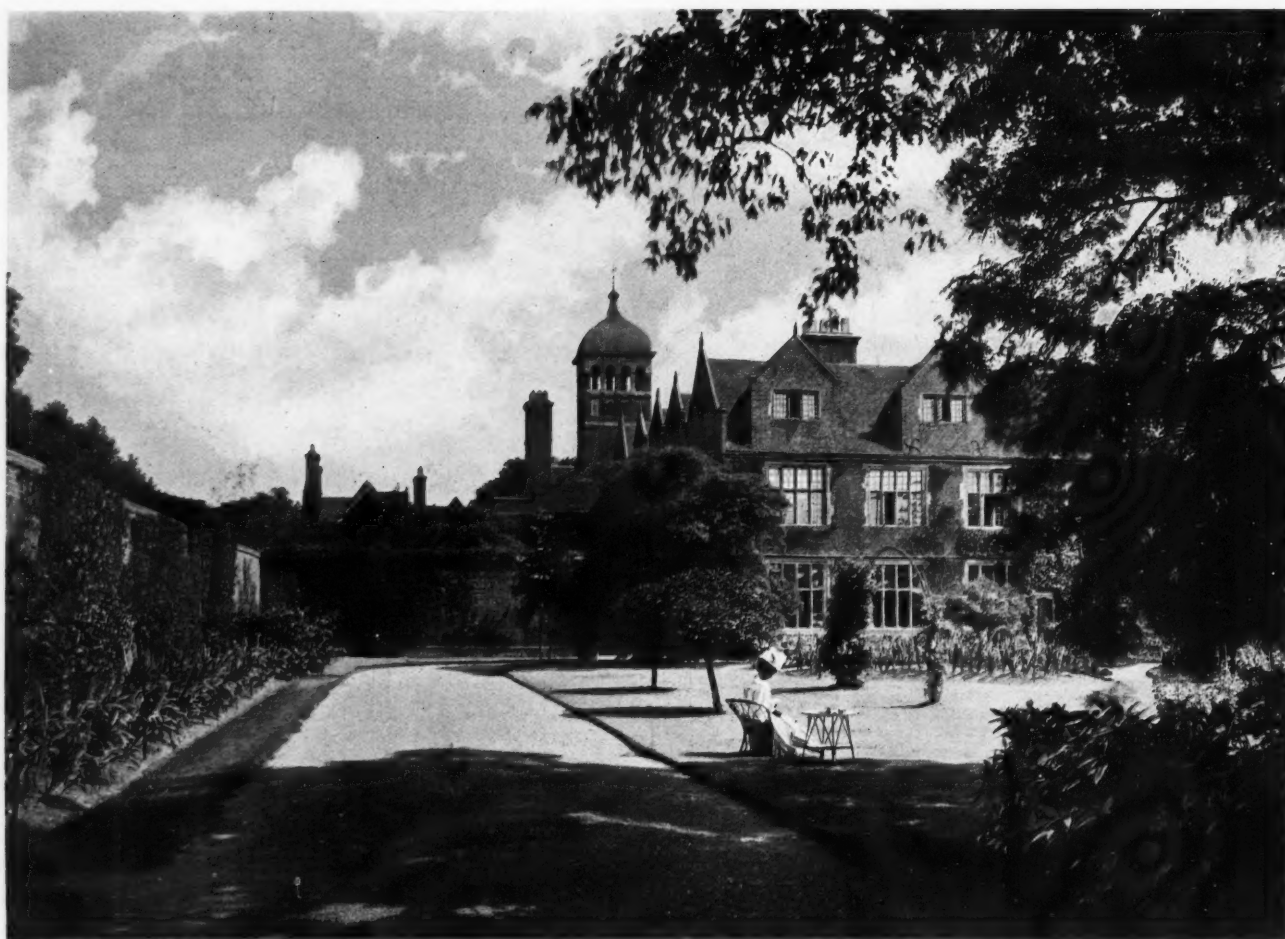




"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—CASTLE BROMWICH: THE GARDEN STEPS.

Copyright



Copyright

THE BROAD WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

terraced character to the surroundings, and, save for the noble descent from the garden, which makes a delightful picture, with ivy, grasses, and flowers growing in the crevices, and the vases and other minor features, architecture has no great place in these pleasure grounds. Yet what there is of masonry work is of the best, as, for example, in the fine armorial sculpture and busts of the orangery, and certainly much is added to the character of the place. On the west side the flower-beds fringe the structure, and beyond extends the level area of the broad garden terrace, with a fine grass walk over-arched by ivy. These ivy arches so disposed are notable, and add the essential feature to the garden which gives it distinction. For the rest, there is little to say about these charming pleasure grounds. The leaden vases are excellent, and are fine examples of the old craftsman's skill. The splendid yew hedges which subdivide the garden make another

valuable feature, and the box edgings are good and appropriate. It is a pleasant feature of the place that we may linger in the rose garden, well sheltered by its hedges from the wilder blasts, and may see the red brick gables of the mansion and its cupola rising above these green barriers. To those who have studied the history and character of gardens, there is something individual in such a disposition. The century to which this arrangement belongs is suggested to us by its character, for an enclosed garden, with a good hedge of yew and a dial or a fountain in the middle, was very characteristic of the time.

Grass again faces the principal front of the hall, and the noble façade looks out upon a fine garden prospect, with a dial in the foreground, and the shadows of great trees cast upon the sward. The north garden is also an inclosed pleasure, with tall hedges, and graceful ornamental growths, and fine beech

and birch trees rising from its verdant turf. Again, there is that notable bowling-green which makes one of the most charming features in the garden, with its long stretch of well-shorn sward, and the tall hedges and trees which flank it on either side. The interesting church, as is often the case at old houses in the country, is the neighbour of the house and garden, and its characteristic Queen Anne tower and sundial, rising above the garden wall, are valuable in the pictorial composition of the place.

It was said above that there is no markedly terraced character at Castle Bromwich, and, though this is true, since the area on the west side is laid with a fine lawn, and with various flower-beds, it constitutes in effect a broad terrace, and at its further end, from which those distinctive steps descend, there is a broad terrace walk, which has a low hedge, and gives a view over



Copyright

FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



the lower portion of the garden and the landscape beyond. Broad walks of gravel and turf, and a multitude of flowers, with hedges and green arches, enclosures and notable trees, are the principal things we discover in the gardens at Castle Bromwich. The sweetness and radiance of flower life are, of course, here in abundance, and the effects are very charming. Indeed, go where we will, we find infinite charm in the gardens of this attractive seat. Birmingham is almost its neighbour, and, as all the world knows, the busy midland city lies in the midst of a very charming land.

## BOOKS OF . . . . THE DAY.

I PROTEST myself among the most ardent admirers of Mr. Crockett, especially in "The Stickit Minister," "The Men of the Moss Hags," and "Joan of the Sword Hand"; and I have read his "Little Anna Mark" (Smith, Elder) with a very great deal of interest, which is all the greater from the fact that the story of Philip Stansfield is founded on one which appears in the State Trials (8vo., Vol. XI.). But I should admire him much more if he would be content to use his great natural talent for relating stories of romantic adventure without going out of his way to "show off," as children would say, his knowledge of the Scottish dialect. In the early pages we have a "creep e stool," "a flickering cruise lamp," "a woman becking," "farles of cake," "a fleering laugh," "kirtles," and so on, and so on. What would Mr. Crockett say if somebody who could write as good a story with Welsh surroundings as he can write a Scottish story—a writer, one regrets to say, not yet found—were to insist upon using leek-Led English as he insists upon using kail-yard English? Why will he go out of his way to disinter these recondite Scotticisms? Not, certainly, because he cannot write or because he wants the power of making scenes live, as is proved by the two following passages, which describe after the arrest of the parricide, the confronting of him with his father's corpse, and the testimony borne against him and his accomplices by his boy son. They are of the grand order of merit, and I print them expressly



Copyright

THE NORTH GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

as examples of great force and power shown in a book of which it would be a pity to tell the story in advance. The whole grim scene rises before one like a picture.

"The candles on the little platform by the swathed corpse began to burn low, guttering in their sconces, and dropping sideways unregarded. The white wrapping sheets and the earth-stained mort cloths, the surgeons' abhorred instruments of probing and scission, above all the swathed formlessness on the bier—what wonder that I cried out and besought Umphray Spurway to take me away?

"But the Englishman, on the contrary, put an arm about my neck and patted me on the shoulder, lifting me on a stool and assuring me that shortly I should be needed.

"I wondered what it was they waited for in the growing light. Save the grey-eyed keen-faced man, all in the kirk, surgeons and all, were blue with cold, many of them, indeed, shaking like leaves caught on gossamer cobwebs on an autumn morning. Then, at a sign, the two guardsmen who stood gripping Philip Stansfield by the wrists brought him quite to the front beside the face of the dead, and at the same moment the grey-eyed man turned into the



Copyright

CASTLE BROMWICH: THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

precentor's desk with his papers in his hand—as I thought, just like a minister about to dispense the elements on Sacrament Sunday."

"But the grey-eyed man in the precentor's desk only put his pen between his teeth, and, rising to his feet, began to bundle up his papers."

"Take them away; they are committed for trial!" he said briefly; but even as the soldiers shouldered their arms with a sharp, unanimous movement a thought seemed to strike him.

"First let the chief prisoner touch the body of the murdered man," he said; "it is legal and customary, even if there be in it little efficacy." And in a moment, hearing these words, the sullen scorn of the young man was broken up.

"I will not," he cried; "ye sha'll not force me. I will not touch my father's body!" And he fought against his captors as they strove to take him up to where the body lay. It took other four strong men to bring him to the place, fighting every inch like a wild cat, his face like no face I have ever seen, distorted out of all recognition with passion and anger.

"I will not touch it! I will not touch it!" he cried.

"Sir James Dalrymp'e stood grimly watching, almost with a smile on his grim lips."

"It is enough," he said; "his behaviour speaks more loudly of his guilt than if blood had flowed from forty wounds at his touch. Take him away."

The guard clashed out with their prisoners. In five ticks of the clock the little kirk was empty of all save the dead body of my grandfather, which at last was to be laid to its final rest without further disturbance. I could hear the crying of the women as Janet Mark turned to look back, to where on the highest part of the kirk-brae Umphray Spurway stood with little Anna Mark holding tightly to his hand; and I could see also the figure of Philip Stansfield,



Copyright

## THE TERRACE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

taller than any of his guards by a full head, cut black against the brightening sky of morn. And little Anna Mark had gotten over her fears and now smiled down at the advocate.

"It is bonnie, sae bonnie," she said. "See the coats of the soldiers—red, red, just like mine. And look at the sparkling of their swords—bonnie, bonnie!" And she waved her hand prettily, as a child does to a pageant that passes below on the street with music and banners, while the soldiers marched her mother out of her sight.

"But I think it brought the water to the eyes of all that saw it to watch the mother looking back and ever back at her child, and the innocent bairn standing there smiling and becking and waving her little hand."

"And even as we stood so the sun rose and it was the new day."

Messrs. Doubleday and Page, of New York, and Mr. William Heinemann have performed a real service to lovers of Nature by producing Mr. Neltje Blanchan's "Nature's Garden," with so many coloured plates and so many excellent illustrations, by Messrs. Henry Troth and A. R. Dugmore. Mr., or for all I know Mrs. or Miss, Blanchan is no dry-as-dust botanist:

"Is it enough to know merely the name of the flower you meet in the meadow? The blossom has an inner meaning, hopes and fears that inspire its brief existence, a scheme of salvation for its species in the struggle for survival that it has been slowly perfecting with some insect's help through the ages. It is not a passive thing to be admired by human eyes, nor does it waste its sweetness on the desert air. It is a sentient being, impelled to act intelligently through the same strong desires that animate us, and endowed with certain powers differing only in degree, but not in kind, from those of the animal creation. Desire ever creates form."

"Do you doubt it? Then study the mechanism of one of our common

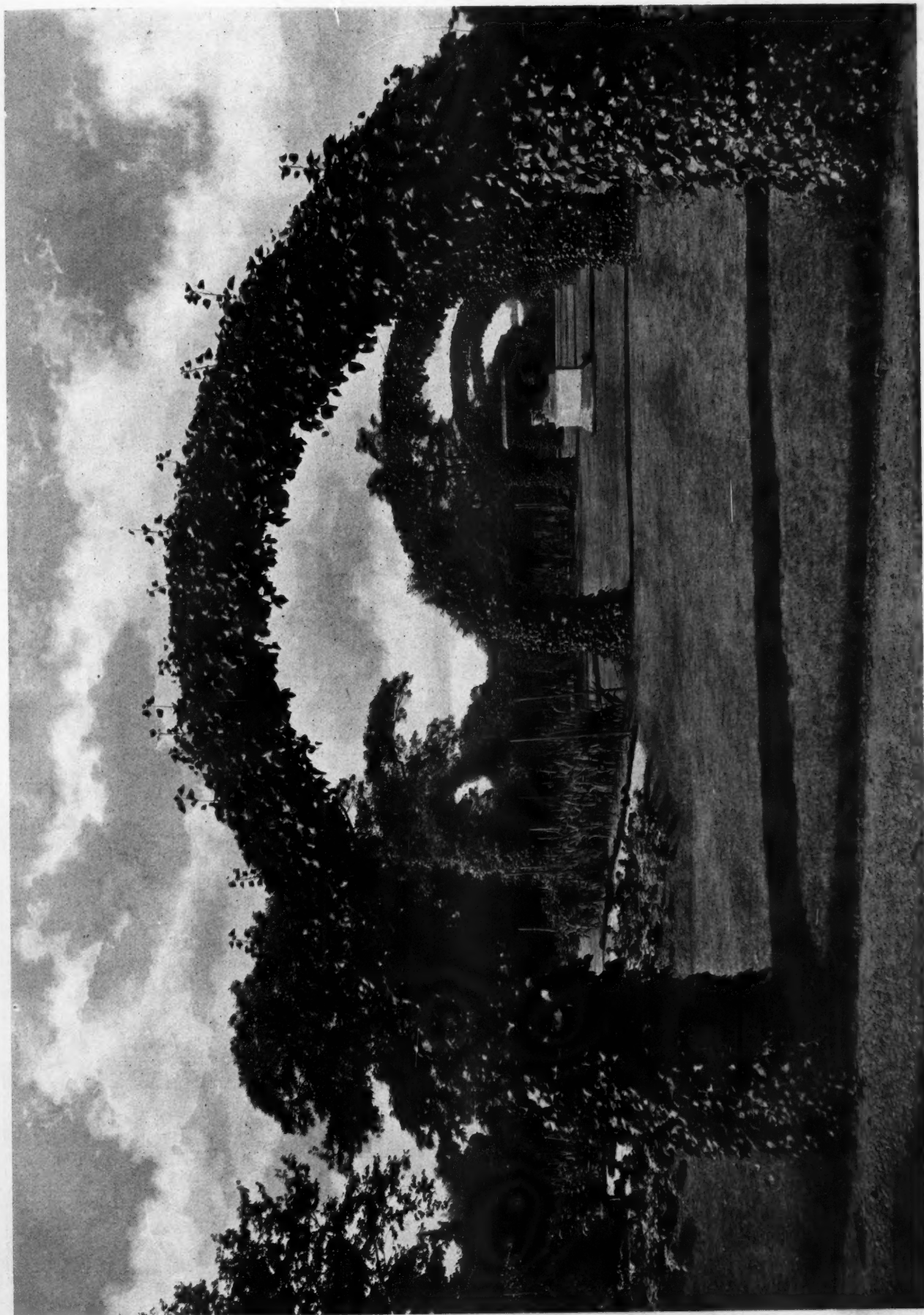


Copyright

## CASTLE BROMWICH: THE LOOK-OUT.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"





"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—CASTLE BROMWICH: THE LAWN.

Copyright

orchids or milkweeds that are adjusted with such marvellous delicacy to the length of a bee's tongue or of a butterfly's leg; learn why so many flowers have sticky cañices or protective hairs; why the skunk cabbage, purple trillium, and carrion flower emit a 'etid odour, while other flowers, especially the white or pale yellow night bloomers, charm with their delicious breath; see if you cannot discover why the immigrant daisy already whitens our fields with descendants as numerous as the sands of the seashore, whereas you may tramp a whole day without finding a single native ladies' slipper. What of the sundew that not only catches insects, but secretes gastric juice to digest them? What of the bladder-wort, in whose inflated traps tiny crustaceans are imprisoned, or the pitcher-plant, that makes soup of its guests? Why are gnats and flies seen about certain flowers, bees, butterflies, moths, or humming-birds about others, each visitor choosing the restaurant most to his liking? With what infinite pains the wants of each guest are catered to! How relentlessly are pilferers punished! The endless devices of the more ambitious flowers to save their species from degeneracy by close inbreeding through fertilisation with their own pollen, alone prove the operation of mind through them. How plants travel, how they send seeds abroad in the world to found new colonies, might be studied with profit by Anglo-Saxon expansionists. Do vice and virtue exist side by side in the vegetable world also? Yes, and every sinner is branded as surely as was Cain. The dodder, Indian pipe, broom-rape, and beech-drops wear the floral equivalent of the striped suit and the shaved head. Although claiming most respectable and exalted kinsfolk, they are degenerates not far above the fungi. In short, this is a universe that we live in; and all that share the one life are one in essence, for natural law is spiritual law. 'Through Nature to God,' flowers show a way to the scientist, lacking faith."

And it is in the spirit shown in this pretty passage that he proceeds. Especially is he great at pretty American names for flowers. Thus the grape hyacinth is known as "Baby's Breath," from its delicate faint fragrance, and lupines are "Old Maids' Bonnets," and *Collinsia verna* is "Blue-eyed Mary," and teazle is "Gypsy Combs," and so forth through a thousand pleasant variations. And in each case Mr. Blanchan applies, thoroughly and gracefully, the principle enunciated in his preface. Here is an example which shows in how delightful a tone the whole of this book is written:

"Is land fulfilling the primal curse because it brings forth thistles? So thinks the farmer, no doubt, but not the goldfinches which daintily feed among the fluffy seeds, nor the bees, nor the 'painted lady,' which may be seen in all parts of the world where thistles grow, hovering about the beautiful rose-purple



Copyright

THE OLD BOWLING GREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

flowers. In the prickly cradle of leaves, the caterpillar of this thistle butterfly weaves a web around its main food-store.

"When the Danes invaded Scotland, they stole a silent night march upon the Scottish camp by marching barefoot; but a Dane inadvertently stepped on a thistle, and his sudden, sharp cry, arousing the sleeping Scots, saved them and their country: hence the Scotch emblem.

"From July to November blooms the Common, Burr, Spear, Plume, Bank, Horse, Bull, Blue, Button, or Roadside Thistle (*C. lanceolatus* or *Cirsium lanceolatum* of Gray), a native of Europe and Asia, now a most thoroughly naturalised American from Newfoundland to Georgia, westward to Nebraska. Its violet flower-heads, about 1½ in. across, and as high as wide, are mostly solitary at the ends of formidable branches, up which few crawling creatures venture. But in the deep tube of each floret there is nectar secreted for the flying visitor who can properly transfer pollen from flower to flower. Such a one suffers no inconvenience from the prickles, but, on the contrary, finds a larger feast saved for him because of them. Dense, matted, wool-like hairs, that cover the bristling stems of most thistles, making climbing mighty unpleasant for ants, which ever delight in pilfering sweets. Perhaps one has the temerity to start upwards.

'Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall.'

'If thy heart fail thee, climb not at all,'

might be the ant's passionate outburst to the thistle, and the thistle's reply.



Copyright

CASTLE BROMWICH: THE WEST FACADE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



instead of a Sir Walter and Queen Elizabeth couplet. Long, lance-shaped, deeply cleft, sharply pointed, and prickly dark green leaves make the ascent almost unendurable; nevertheless the ant bravely mounts to where the bristle-pointed overlapping scales of the deep green cup hold the luscious flowers. Now his feet becoming entangled in the cottony fibres wound about the scaly armour, and a bristling bodyguard thrusting spears at him in his struggles to escape, death happily releases him. All this tragedy to ensure the thistle's cross-fertilised seed that, seated on the autumn winds, shall be blown far and wide in quest of happy conditions for the offspring!"

In a word, this is the work of a botanist, physiologist, and philosopher, a man of letters who has the prettiest of fancies, and often reminds us of him who is now almost disguised as Lord Avesbury. The illustrations are a dream. Indeed, the blue of the chicory and the gentian are the most perfect thing imaginable, and the coloured illustrations are very numerous. Equally excellent, but, of course, without colour, are the photographic reproductions. In fact, the one thing to be regretted about this book, and that from a purely selfish point of view, is that it is not English; but, fortunately, a great many of the flowers are. By the way, Mr. Blanchan is wrong in one point, and it is pleasing to one of my humble botanical acquirements to be able to catch up so great a man. Of Viper's Bugloss he says, "In England, from whose gardens this plant escaped long ago, a war of extermination that has been waged against the vigorous, beautiful weed by the farmers has driven it to the extremity of the island, where a few stragglers about Penzance testify to the vanquishing of what must once have been a mighty army." Now twenty-five years ago Viper's Bugloss used to

one of the many good plants that is not found in gardens nearly so often as its great merit deserves. So many people, other than the truest garden lovers, ask for things they can plant and leave to take care of themselves, and here is one of the highest beauty and utility that can be left for a long time, only requiring a good preparation at the beginning, when it will yearly increase in strength and blooming power. As a cut flower it is admirable, and is so free of growth, that whole shoots can well be cut as well as single flowers. They last in water for a full week, or even more."

#### THE PERENNIAL PEA ON A RAILWAY BANK.

The plant is sufficiently strong to flourish in positions where most things would absolutely fail. One instance may be mentioned of the plant growing almost wild on a dry railway bank with an angle of 40deg. to 45deg. Many years ago quite small pieces were planted by the stationmaster, and upon the higher slopes every year these plants were overwhelmed with flowers, and made a picture it was a pleasure to see as one passed into the station. In a recent letter to the writer it is mentioned that "during the last year or two a change has come; the old stationmaster died quite suddenly, and his successor has not the same taste for gardening. Yet the roots are there still, and flower, but the effect is not so good as it has been in the past. Two summers' great heat and drought were not favourable to the plants, and this, coupled with the fact that the roots are growing in little better than a stratum of gravel, has not conduced to so much success as formerly. Still, they are flowering sufficiently well to prove beyond doubt the value of these plants for a very dry position and for poor soil. In this case the growth trails down the embankment, and there



Copyright

CASTLE BROMWICH: THE GARDEN AND CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

be quite common in Hampshire, which is particularly rich in flowers, and so lately as July 8th, 1900, I saw a fine patch of it on a hill-top meadow in Surrey.

## In the Garden.

### THE SWEET PEA EXHIBITION.

THE celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the introduction of the Sweet Pea into England was worthily observed at the Crystal Palace on Friday and Saturday last. Few flowers combine so many delightful qualities as the Sweet Pea; it is fragrant, very varied in colour, and produced on long stems, which enables one to use it with conspicuous advantage for many forms of dainty decoration. But there is a lamentable sameness amongst the flowers, some with different names being practically identical, and of course this is a mistake. If one buys a certain kind of Sweet Pea labelled new and distinct, something more than a mere shadow of distinctness from other kinds is wished for. It will be to the interest of the trade to see that a careful classification is made, such as is already accomplished with regard to fruit and other things, so that a selection of good and absolutely distinct varieties may be at the disposal of those who wish to grow more than merely "mixtures." As we recently pointed out, the advantages of autumn sowing are great, the plants being stronger and flowering much earlier than those sown in the usual way.

### THE EVERLASTING PEA.

It is strange that a flower so beautiful as this should be little grown in even the best English gardens, but as remarked recently in a contemporary, "this is

is no reason why many plants should not trail similarly from the upper portions of the larger rock gardens in private places. Indeed, the best side of the plant is not always seen when tied up to stakes, and in any case a welcome change is introduced by according the plants the reverse position." This is quite sound advice.

### POLYGONUM BALDSCHUANICUM.

This has proved itself a good garden plant. It is a climber, the kind of one for a pergola or to cover oak stems. The growth is free, the leafage abundant, and the creamy flowers carried in plummy masses.

### LORD PENZANCE'S SWEET BRIARS AS STANDARDS.

"P." writes us: "It goes without saying that these charming and vigorous Roses would make splendid heads if grown as standards. One or two interspersed here and there in the shrubbery, by the carriage drive, or singly on the lawns, would make a beautiful picture when smothered in flowers in the early days of June. The kind I would more especially select for this purpose is Anne of Gierstein. It is the most vigorous of the sixteen varieties, and the flowers are of a beautiful crimson colour. So robust is it that in three or four seasons one could form natural standards from dwarf plants by selecting the strongest shoot. Tie it to a stake and remove all the other growths. Stop the shoot when the desired height is reached, and rub off all the new growths as they appear, except six or eight at the top, retained to form the head. In the course of the time mentioned a stem some 4 in. or 5 in. in circumference will result. If there were any likelihood of the supply of hedge Briars running short on which to bud standard Roses, I should not hesitate to work up a quantity of this variety to provide stocks for the purpose, especially if cutting Briars were employed in which to insert the buds of Anne of Gierstein. I have seen pretty effects made by interspersing standards of the Double Scarlet Thorn in a hedge of common White Thorn. Why not adopt the same plan with these Sweet Briars, say a low

hedge of copper-coloured Lady Penzance with the variety under notice in standard form, planted at intervals of 10ft. or 12ft.?"

#### THE GUM CISTUS.

A few days ago in a beautiful garden in Surrey the Gum Cistus on the fringe of the woodland was in full flower, the branches stretching out beyond the tree-line across a grass path. Seen in the subdued light the flowers were more beautiful than in the full sun, and when thus placed the Gum Cistus possesses greater beauty than in the ordinary lawn group, or upon some hot border. There is the advantage also of additional protection from severe winter frost when it is in the woodland. The Gum Cistus are not the most hardy of shrubs, and must have a warm, dry soil to produce strong growth. It is worth waiting long to achieve success. There is a distinctive picturesqueness about the Cistus, a wiry, gummy kind of leafage, and glorious flowers, opening out like big white Japanese Anemones, with blotches of purple on the frail petals. We enjoy all the Cistus, but *C. ladaniferus* and *C. laurifolius* are the more shrubby of the family. On a low terrace, where the growth can hang over the edge, and very dry, the smaller-growing kinds were planted freely, *C. crispus*, and the near relatives, the *Helianthemums* or Sun Roses, which as low-growing plants for banks or hot margins are difficult to surpass.

#### THE RAMBLER ROSE AGLAIA.

This Rose undoubtedly deserves all the high praise given to it by those who have seen it flowering in its German home. Although it has flowered in this country it is not yet generally known. The tiny canary yellow buds peering from among the creamy white expanded blossoms, which are quite 2½ in. in diameter, and produced in fine pyramidal trusses some 50 to 100 in number, entitle the variety to rank as a worthy companion to Crimson Rambler. *Aglaia* is very fragrant, not of the sweet old Cablage Rose perfume, but of the peculiar, though not unpleasant, Noisette and Musk Rose odour. We are afraid the general effect of this Rose at a distance would be white instead of yellow. Perhaps it is not too much to hope that we shall obtain a true golden yellow Rambler before long. In securing as seed parent the hardy *Rosa polyantha simplex* the raiser acted wisely. Although there appears to be no great difference between *Claire Jacquier* in bloom or truss, there certainly is in point of hardness, the former being more fitted for an exposed arch or bower than the latter. In order to obtain some new-coloured Rambler Roses, it appears essential to use a climbing variety as male parent, provided the seed bearer is of this habit. Instances of this occur in *Euphrosyne* and *Thalia*, both being as free as *Aglaia*, but having dwarf-growing *Polyantha* Roses as their male parent. The same thing occurs with the new Rambler *Psyche*, which is supposed to be a cross between *Crimson Rambler* and *Golden Fairy*. This, therefore, offers a wide

scope for the hybridist, for it may be possible to infuse into these Rambler Roses some of the delightful tints which we now have among the dwarf-growing sections.

#### SWEET-SCENTED GREENHOUSE RHODODENDRONS.

"T." sends us the following note: "Though most of the Himalayan Rhododendrons possess showy blossoms, they are not particularly fragrant; but exception must be made in the case of *R. Edgeworthii*, whose large white blossoms, stained in the upper segments with lemon, are deliciously scented, and, having been largely employed by the hybridist, this desirable feature is transmitted to most of its progeny. *R. Edgeworthii*, which is frequently met with as an epiphyte in a native state, is somewhat straggling in growth. Some of the hybrids are more compact, and, consequently, more valuable for general decorations. One of the oldest is *Princess Alice*, which was raised nearly forty years ago, the parents being the above-named species and the little *R. ciliatum*. In the variety *Princess Alice*, the white flowers are tinged on the exterior with pink. *R. fragrantissimum* and *R. sesterianum*, both hybrids between *R. Edgeworthii* and *R. formosum*, have large fragrant flowers, but in point of size they are surpassed by those of *R. Fosterianum*, which is in every way a noble flower. The parents of this are the *Moulmein R. Veitchianum* and *R. Edgeworthii*. A charming group with deliciously-scented blossoms were raised by the late Mr. Davis of Ormskirk some years ago, and are everywhere greatly admired. They were obtained by the crossing of *R. Edgeworthii* and *R. multiflorum*, their names being Countess of Derby, Countess of Sefton, Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Skelmersdale, and Mrs. James Shawe. These are of neat growth, and free, while their white flowers are when in the bud state tinged with pink. These varieties differ from each other in the habit, size of flower, and crimping of the petals, but they are all nearly allied. Rhododendrons of this section are in most parts of the country essentially greenhouse (an elastic term) plants, for they only need to be kept free from frost. The best soil for them is good peat, with a liberal admixture of silver sand, and for pots over 9 in. in diameter a few pieces of charcoal may be added, as it tends to keep the soil sweet, which is essential, as these Rhododendrons may be kept in health for years without repotting. The drainage must be thorough, and the potting compost pressed down firmly. During the summer they may be plunged out of doors, as such treatment is favourable to the formation of flower buds, and if kept under glass at that season the foliage is liable to be attacked by thrips."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist readers in difficulties concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.

## MACHINERY & LABOUR: I.—Haymaking.

THE application of machinery to agriculture is a subject with many interests. It is a history of human ingenuity, an example of that cheapening of production that has gone on since steam was introduced, and it is a theme for the political economist. But for invention, it is safe to say that agriculture in these years would in England have come to a complete standstill. This for two reasons. Importation has so lowered prices that the old methods are no longer sufficient to secure a profit; and, secondly, the labour required by them is no longer available. Until the discovery of the steam-engine, our villages were so crowded that politicians were at their wits end what to do with the inhabitants. About the middle of the century they began to empty, and now the difficulty of the farmer is to obtain an adequate number of hands. To realise that clearly, take the following charming description of haymaking in the last century, and compare it with what may be seen in the fields just now:

"Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead;  
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,  
Healthful and strong; full as the summer rose  
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,  
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
Even stooping age is here; and infant hands  
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load  
O'er-charged, amid the kind oppression roll."

What the picture wants to make it complete is the figure of the mower—the man with a back of iron, whose scythe, as regular as the pendulum of a clock, from dawn to dusk went swish, swish, laying the tall grass and clover in regular swathes. It was



C. Reid, Wislaw, N.B.

#### CARTING THE HAY.

Copyright

very hard labour, and men could not be got to do it now. They want above all else "an easy job," and the farmer is well aware that those set to laborious tasks are like to vacate their situations at the earliest opportunity. He is compelled to eliminate, as far as possible, all really hard work, and to do with as few hands as possible. The result is to be seen in the up-to-date hayfield. Instead of a collection of all the "rough ruddy" faces of a village—youth and maiden, child and patriarch—a man and two horses guide a machine that cuts and teds at once; the swish of the scythe has given place to a click, click, and the multitude of hay-makers to a solitary mechanic.

The change is of comparatively late date. In the early part of the century, it is true, various attempts were made to produce a machine that would supplant the scythe in the hayfield and the sickle in harvest; but it was not till the great Exhibition of 1851 that farmers began to see that a practicable machine was



being evolved. No one would dream to-day of employing the scythe except it were on a small patch of grass.

The favourite machine now is a combined reaper and mower, such as is turned out by the thousand annually from the numerous factories that have sprung up for the purpose, the "Albion," made by Harrison, McGregor, and Co., of Leigh, Lancashire, being as commonly used as any other.

Thus the mower's occupation was gone, and small lament he made, as his toil was not well recompensed—2s. 6d. an acre is the wage mentioned in some old farming accounts in our possession. That sum per day would be a fair wage now.

Next followed the tedders—those haymaking figures so familiar in old prints, stripped to the shirt, in broad, shady hats, armed with forks, turning, turning. A mechanical "haymaker," such as is made by Howard of Bedford, Jeffrey and Blackstone of Stamford, or is imported from the United States, enables a boy with an old horse to get through all the work that used to require the services of a merry band of village haymakers. Thus the tedders followed the mowers, and the labour bill for hay was still further reduced.

After the hay has been well exposed and dried it is made into little cocks for the completion of the process. An old-fashioned way of collecting the hay was by a number of persons working behind one another with forks, but the horse-rake is in general use now.

In the North of England it was customary to make the hay first into little cocks or coils, then after a few days to run a number of these together and build what were called pikes. Many haycocks went to the pike, many pikes to the haystack. Modern practice, however, is all against this. The cocks are built of moderate size, and then the hay is taken direct to the stack.

A farmer of the past generation liked to have this haystack near his steading, but it is more usual now to build it in the hayfield. This again is to save cartage and labour. At this point, indeed, there has been a revolution. Aged labourers will tell you there was no harder task on the farm than that of "tossing" hay, first on to the cart, then up to the hayrick. The poets might have a different tale to tell, but the rustic knew what were the hard facts of the case.

Recent invention has been largely directed to reduce manual labour to a minimum at this stage. The "Monarch Sweep" was an American invention, first tried in this country by Mr. John Speir, of Newton Farm, near Glasgow. It was not quite a success in this country at first, but by-and-bye it became more popular, and may be seen at work on quite a number of farms not far out of London.

By its aid the cocks can be very rapidly gathered to the rick without any other labour than that of the man needed to drive it. When there, we find a choice of many labour-saving appliances, of which the most popular is, perhaps, the web-elevator. The objection to it is that it necessitates a considerable amount of hard work, as the hay has to be tossed to the platform, whence it is carried mechanically up to the top of the hayrick; and to avoid this various kinds of mechanical forks have been tried. One was tried in conjunction with an American sweep, but the result did not come out well, probably because the hay brought in thus lay too loose and the horse-fork did not obtain sufficient grip. It might probably answer better with carted hay, which



C. Reid.

A PATENT SPEAR-FORK.

Copyright

would naturally be firmer. We hear of a new fork just being brought out in this country for the purpose of loading haycocks; it is described as working like two mechanical hands, lifting first on this side and then on that, but as preparations are being made for testing it we hope to give further particulars at an early date. Of one of the most recent inventions of the kind, Fleming's patent spear-fork, we give herewith an illustration.

This glance over haymaking inventions is not altogether pleasant, and for the reason that they throw a great number of men out of work. In a factory it is different, because wherever cheapness is introduced larger quantities are produced. There are hundreds employed in factories for one who made a livelihood by hand labour earlier in the century. But the output of English agriculture does not materially increase, and the aim of the farmer is as far as possible to do without hands, not to increase their number. Every year sees a nearer approach to an automatic cultivation of the fields. And, unfortunately, we cannot do without a peasantry. As Bismarck said: "A country without peasants is a King John Lackland. No peasantry—no army, no navy." We never can restore them as workmen; it remains to be seen if it can be done by the re-establishment of small holdings suitable to *la petite culture*.

## ON THE GREEN.

TAYLOR is going to America in the *Etruria*. We understand that business takes him there. He sails on the 4th, and has leave of absence from his duties at the Mid-Surrey Club for two months. He has not arranged any series of matches, but it is not likely that the American golfing public will let slip this opportunity of seeing the champion play, nor that they will fail to get up a match between the two greatest players in the world, Taylor and Vardon. We had rather hoped to see a match between these two played here before Vardon went back to the States, but, failing that, the next best we can hope is to read the accounts of such a match sent over by cable. As to which should win, that would be going altogether outside our province to foretell. The last match they played was, if we rightly remember, the thirty-six hole match at Brancaster, the West Norfolk Club's green, where



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE HORSE RAKE.

Copyright

they finished all square. Indeed, since Taylor recovered his form, after being much below his best for a year or two, there has been no balance of advantage either way between these two in all the matches they have played. If any balance, it has inclined to Taylor's credit.

Last week in these notes we were speaking of the wonderfully good work that Braid was doing. Since that was written he has played a good match with J. White of Seaford, at Enfield. In a thirty-six hole match Braid won by three up and two to play. White is a right good player, and perhaps comes next on the list after Taylor, Vardon, Braid, if that is the order in which to rank them. At all events, he did not at all badly to come within three holes of Braid out of thirty-six played. White drives a very long ball for his physical power, but it does not compare with the immense length of Braid's. We doubt whether Rolland at his longest, or even Mr. Edward Blackwell, was longer than Braid's present driving, especially against the wind; but White is very clever in the approaching and putting, and has the advantage of Braid, as of most people, in the short game.

The champion of the ladies, Miss Rhona Adair, has been visiting North Berwick, and they have been treating her to some severe golf there, for the honour of old Scotland. Miss Madeline Campbell played her, and beat her very heavily, so heavily that we cannot but think that Miss Adair was badly out

of form. And then she played one of the Misses Orr, and was again beaten, but not so severely as by Miss Campbell. Of course, Miss Adair has no knowledge of the North Berwick course, whereas it is very familiar to both those who had the better of her, but for all that it does not seem quite the way to treat a lady champion. It is a great pity that more of the ladies of Scotland do not compete for the championship. Is it because it is an English invention that they take no interest in it? But the amateur championship of the men was instituted by the Liverpool Club, and Scotland does not scorn to take an interest in that. We see a leader in *Golf Illustrated* discussing the reason that Scotland shows little appreciation of Bogey's merits, and suggesting that his English parentage is responsible; but we scarcely like to credit the land that gave us golf with such narrowness of view.

Of the new inventions that we see in the fashion of golf clubs, surely one of the best is the aluminium-headed putter. The head is shaped like that of the common wooden putter, but being of one substance throughout, with no need of weighting with lead, it makes much less relative difference whether the ball be struck absolutely true with the aluminium than with the wood. A little heel, a little toe, or a little top, makes much less difference. And it keeps all the merit of its model in the smoothness with which it sends the ball running up in the long approach putts.



## AT THE THEATRE

**T**HE GREAT SILENCE," Captain Basil Hood's new play, performed for the first time last week at the Coronet Theatre, is an episode of Red Indian life in two short scenes. It has a prelude and an interlude, devised, no doubt, to

import into the scenes that follow something of local colour and atmosphere, but, as they fail to secure the object for which the author put them in, no necessity exists for either. Both are devoted to the wail of an Indian squaw for her husband and men of the Apache tribe gone away from the wigwams on the warpath leaving the women and children in loneliness. With the warriors is Rain in the Face, a young brave wearing for the first time the war paint of his tribe. On the trail he hears the note of a wounded bird, and he knows that it comes from Trembling Dove, his sweetheart, who in her anxiety to see her lover had followed him. He drops behind his chief that he may speak to her and lead her part of the way to where the other women were left, but Trembling Dove has twisted her foot and can but crawl.

Rain in the Face is confronted with the choice of rejoining the braves on the warpath, and leaving her to be killed by prowling beasts or of staying to guard her and forfeiting his life for cowardice when the others return from the war. "I will wash the war paint from my face and stay to guard you" is all he says. After three days the braves return, and Rain in the Face has to die. One youth claims to have discovered the cause that led to his falling away from the warpath. "He has done it to save the life of Trembling Dove; let her die instead," he cries. Then Rain in the Face answers, "There was no woman; I fell away because I was afraid," and he is tied to the stake to die alone by slow torture; and when the warriors depart one of them comes back and gives him a merciful death stroke, and in the night from the dark woods where he had sent her to get the poison berries comes Trembling Dove, and she knows that she is to eat them and so follow Rain in the Face into "The Great Silence."

Mr. Holbrook Blinn gave to the part of Rain in the Face all the grave characteristics of unflinching stoicism, but the other members of the cast were not quite so successful on the first night in conveying the inscrutable moods of the traditional North American Indian. The weak point in the play is the deliberate neglect of all attempt shown by the hero to preserve his own life and that of the woman he loves. There is much in "The Great Silence" that is good, there is more that is weak, for the sentiment and the situations are often more theatrical than real.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE has acquired the rights of a new play by the young poet Mr. Stephen Phillips, entitled "The King of the

Jews." The principal character in it is Herod the Great, and already Mr. Tree's critical advisers are recommending a change of title for the piece. It has not yet been decided whether it shall be produced immediately

before or immediately after the projected revival of "Othello." In the meantime another very interesting item of news in connection with Her Majesty's Theatre has been made known, namely, that prior to their American tour next year Madame Sarah Bernhardt and M. Coquelin will, in accordance with an arrangement made on their behalf by Mr. Maurice Grau with Mr. Tree, appear there throughout June and July in a repertoire of plays that includes "L'Aiglon," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Hamlet," "La Tosca," "La Dame aux Camélias," and "Frou Frou." Both artists will be seen in each of those plays.

ENCOURAGED by the success that attended the season of German plays last spring at St. George's Hall, a more ambitious scheme has now been completed, under which the company, greatly strengthened, will open at the Comedy Theatre for a season of six months beginning in October next. The formidable total of over 100 plays are included in the company's repertoire, so that there should be no difficulty in catering for all German tastes located in London. Some of the minor parts in the plays presented can readily be better filled than they were last time.

THE list of theatres that I gave last week as likely to remain open during the summer has been still further reduced by the closing down of the Gaiety and the Comedy. At the latter, Miss Janette Steer's season came to an end; but the former will reopen some time in September, when the run of "The Messenger Boy" will be resumed. Anyone contemplating a visit to theatres just now would do well to take the precaution of reading the theatrical advertisements before completing their plans, as owing to the excessive heat and the exodus from town, managers are taking the wise and sometimes sudden resolve to give their companies a holiday. The Vaudeville will close to-morrow (Friday), when "Kitty Grey" will, for the present, be retired. This comedy will most likely be next seen in the form of a musical play, when it will be sent on tour next March, with Miss Evie Green as the heroine.

THE present unsatisfied need of London is a summer theatre, but strange to say, although the fact is generally admitted, no attempt has been made to supply such a luxury, nor is there any scheme in existence for transferring the undefined want into an effective reality. A theatre built to afford the ventilation, the freedom, and lightness necessary in summer should—with average attractions on the stage—tempt thousands within its walls that





at present avoid theatres during the warmer months. Our theatres are admirable in the late autumn, the winter, and the early spring, but there are certainly four or five months in the year during which a playhouse built to meet the conditions of the season would have advantages over all the existing buildings devoted to the dramatic art. There are about thirty theatres in the West End, not one of which has been constructed to meet the need for more air that makes itself felt when the days are long and the evenings mild. A summer theatre with a little less crowding in the arrangement of the seats, with wide exits opening on to balconies, with a garden roof and flowers, and lights and easy chairs to afford pleasant rest between the acts, would possess an excellent chance of becoming a great success by reason of its offering amusement amidst pleasant surroundings suited to the season.

MISS JESSIE BATEMAN, one of our most charming young English actresses, made her first appearance on the London stage under Mr. Charles Hawtrey's management in "Saucy Sally," at the Comedy Theatre about five years ago. Since then she has played on tour in America and South Africa, and on her return home fulfilled an engagement with Mr. W. S. Penley in his production of "A Little Ray of Sunshine" at the Royalty. Last autumn she returned to her first management—Mr. Hawtrey's—since when she has appeared nightly at the Avenue as Minnie Templer, the winning young heroine of "A Message from Mars." Miss Bateman has a particularly bright, expressive face that is more than pretty, and in addition she acts with an apparently unstudied ease that adds to the charm of her personality.

PHÆBUS.

## Chatsworth Field Trials.

BY the permission of the Duke of Devonshire the Field Trials on Grouse, held from July 24th to July 26th by the Pointer and Setter Society, took place on the famous Chatsworth moors. The house and surroundings have lately been treated of in COUNTRY LIFE, otherwise it would be difficult to refrain from dilating on their splendours, and especially upon the primeval and undulating beauties of the 2,000 acres of park which surround the mansion. But beautiful as all this is, it is the natural situation of the place that most captivates the senses of the sportsman. At the foot almost of the gardens is the famous Derwent trout stream, which runs for three miles through the park, and probably many more through the estate. Outside the gates a mile drive brings the shooter to the grouse moors, which are very extensive and very fine. Thus is this great ducal palace almost as well within reach of its moors as a highland shooting lodge which has been built for no other object. Unfortunately the grouse have not done well at Chatsworth this season, and on the first and third days they were rather difficult to find. To eyes used to Scotch moors, the reason of this shortness on the particular beats mentioned seems to be obviously the large stretches of old heather which have not got those narrow strips of burnt ground running up them that are considered so necessary in Scotland. But there are no doubt excellent local reasons for leaving the old heather, and for burning in large blocks instead of small strips. Whatever they may be, it gave both dogs and men enough to do to get over the deep and clinging heather growth to which birds seemed to have so decided an objection, that at times the trials became wearisome. But on the second day there was nothing to complain of, as from



Fellows Willson.

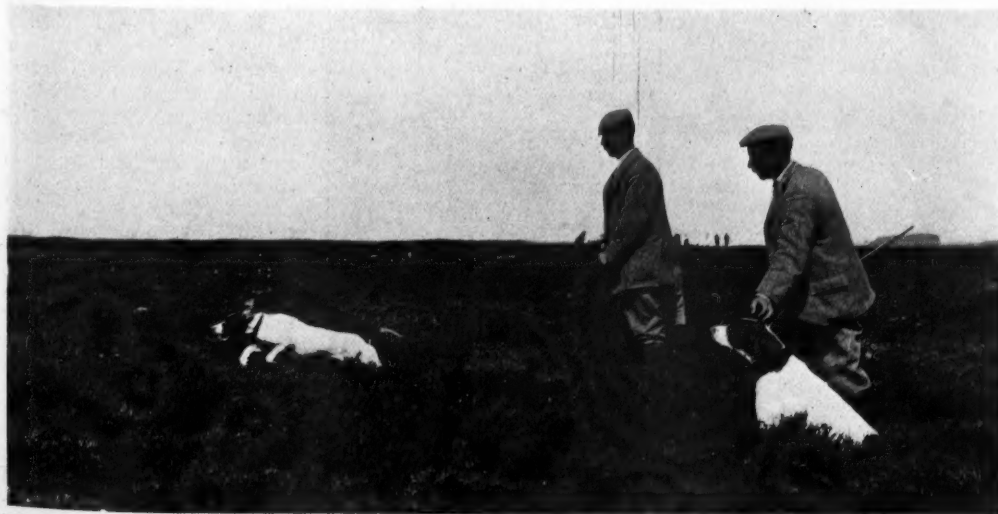
MISS BATEMAN.

Copyright

start to finish there was plenty of game for field trial work, and not enough to cause birds to go off in great packs, one frightening away the other, as they do in Yorkshire even before July is out and August in. Whoever was responsible for the fixing of the dates of the trials deserves the thanks of all, for had it been a week earlier there would have been more cheepers, and a week later would have seen many a pack rising out of range of the dogs' noses. The Duke of Portland is president of the society, and on this occasion the judges were the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, and Messrs. A. W. Legard and S. Smale.

The system of judging has gradually drifted into its present form, which is of itself a very difficult one to follow. The old plan was to indicate to the spectators, by the raising of a flag, which of two dogs down together had done the better work. Now this is abandoned, except where one shows enough inferiority to put him out of the stake altogether. The present plan is not new, but was that first adopted at field trials, and given up in favour of a system in which it was necessary to run at least the first and second prize dogs together, and in which it was considered proper to indicate the victors of as many braces as possible by the hoisting of a flag. It is true that on the old plan A might beat B and C, B might beat E, and then E might

beat A, which was awkward. But we have seen it worse than that, for we have known A beat B and then B win. All this indicated that there was something wrong with the system, and so the heats system was adopted. This latter plan, it was thought, was too long, and was also not fair in its award of the second prize to a dog which had not necessarily met many other dogs in the stakes, either directly or indirectly. The present plan is a return to the earlier system, but with this difference, that it is not necessary for the judges to commit themselves to an opinion between any two dogs until they pronounce the names of the winners of the stake. But even this system does not seem to work perfectly, as it is obvious that what happened



Copyright

PUTTING DOWN A BRACE OF DOGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

at the finish of the Puppy Stake requires some slight variation of the system to render a repetition of it impossible. It was this: Mr. E. Bishop's Cranfield Druce was put down to run with Compton Minnie at the very end of the stake. Now it is clear that there was a doubt in the minds of the judges as between these two, or why put them down together; but it was only a matter of form, for as soon as they had begun to range they were called up again, without anything whatever having been done, good or bad, by either. Compton Minnie was then awarded second prize, and Cranfield Druce neither third nor fourth. It is clear that only on the score of even merit could they be wanted, and that if their merits were even when they were put down, they were also even when they were taken up. A system which permits a thing of this kind to happen is not perfect by any means. We have perhaps seen the finish of as many field trials as anyone, but we never saw anything as tame and uninteresting as this one, and this was a great pity, for it was one of the largest stakes ever known.

Another circumstance that shows the weakness of the present system is the award of the trophy for the best dog at the meeting to Mr. Warwick's Compton Sam. This dog was turned out of the All-Aged Stake for misbehaviour, five other dogs being placed above him in that stake. Then, allowing for the argument that he won the Puppy Stake as handsomely as he did, with a companion, the Brace Stake, how was it possible to place him over the five dogs which had beaten him without so much as a further trial with the best of them? It is only possible under a system which admits of any inconsistency. The award, if given without further trial, should unquestionably have gone to Colonel Cote's Prince Frederick of Pitchford, as the dog which stood first in the only stake where Sam had met him. If the judges thought, as they evidently did, that Mr. Warwick's Compton Sam was the better dog, a trial was essential before they could properly upset their own verdict. It is possible that they made a mistake in throwing out Sam in the All-Aged Stake. The fault for which they did so was a trivial affair—that of snapping at a cheeper which flew into his mouth. But that was their opinion, and five better dogs were placed above him; and even if they went on the whole work of the meeting, the case is equally bad, because, while the dog which beat Sam had no other chance to show work at the meeting, Sam was entered and worked in all three stakes. The whole mistake is in the belief that judges can compare work they see from different dogs on different days, and in differing circumstances, without a "trial horse." Everybody admits that it is the most common thing for the same dog to be unable to do good work one hour and able to do satisfactory work the next. But the principle on which



Copyright

TRYING FRESH GROUND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

this system of judging is based is that scent never varies and circumstances are always the same. It is a very difficult matter to find a perfect system, but there was a good old rule at Shrewsbury, which said that the two best dogs must be run together before the award. If this had been the case here, and Prince Frederick had been beaten, Sam could well have taken the trophy; but until that happened the verdict in the All-Aged Stake had entitled Prince Frederick to the award.

Compton Sam is an excellent little dog, but he is but a little one, and we know that a good big one is often better. Colonel Cote's eight year old setter was the biggest on the ground. It would have been very interesting to see these two run together, in order to test whether Colonel Cote's dog was as good for a big one as Sam unquestionably is for a little one. The latter puppy, it will be remembered, beat all the old dogs at the Shrewsbury Trials in the spring, and won the champion cup. But he had been very easily beaten prior to that by a puppy of Captain Lonsdale's, and the latter was absent from Shrewsbury in consequence of distemper. He was absent also from these field trials, in consequence, we heard, of the death of William Brailsford, who has had charge of Captain Lonsdale's dogs, and before that of his late father's kennel for many years. As keeper to the late Lord Lichfield, W. Brailsford was the founder of field trials, some thirty-four years ago. The late Mr. Heywood Lonsdale was one of the first supporters of them, and certainly did as much as anyone to prevent sporting dogs from declining in sportsmen's estimation in the same way that dog-show dogs have declined. W. Brailsford was greatly respected; as a breaker he never showed quite the high finish and dashing precision in his dogs that some other breakers have. For instance, those who can remember the braces that Edward Armstrong used to run will know the intention of the above remark; but W. Brailsford never ran a bad one, and was a keen judge and shrewd observer. Captain Lonsdale's dogs have not been hunted by W. Brailsford for some years, and not to run them, as they were entered and ready for the trials, was regarded as a very fitting mark of respect to the late founder of field trials.

The Brace Stake at this meeting was carried off by Mr. Warwick by the help of Compton Sam and Damsel of Salop. It was a very good performance indeed, and was worthy of first prize. But the second and third prizes were awarded for less stylish performances, and we saw better from two unplaced braces. These were Mr. Butter's Bragg and Syke for one and Sir Watkin Wynn's Seth and Spin for the other. We naturally expected these two braces to come second and third in the order named, but instead, on equal work and far worse style, Mr. Arkwright's Saxpence and Shamrock were second and Mr. Warwick's second brace, Compton Dinah and Compton Minnie, were placed third. These black pointers of Sir Watkin Wynn's are well



Copyright

LUNCHEON ON THE HEATHER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



worthy the attention of breeders, for if fine lines, pointer type, and fine sterns indicate anything, they are a remnant of a good old sort which was once much more common than it is. It must not be forgotten that all pointers and setters are getting smaller very rapidly. What, we wonder, would the field trial men say now if a 27in. at the shoulder setter, as active as a kitten, came amongst them and showed them that he could go as fast and as well within himself for a big one as any of these dogs could for little ones. Yet it is only twenty-nine years since such a dog carried all before him at field trials, and had individuality enough to stamp his likeness, in all but size, on the setters of two continents. From 27in. at the shoulder to 22in. or 24in. means a loss of half the size in under three decades. It is not so bad with pointers, but the tendency is the same, and that is why it is thought well to mention it, as there are means still to be found to avoid going too far.

Bragg of Faskally, belonging to the globe-trotting Mr. Butter, is an excellent specimen of the old type of pointer; somewhat coarse, perhaps, but a fine galloper, carrying his sensible head in the right place; and when he was down with that excellent Irish setter, Mr. Cheetham's Tam, the contrast of carriage of head was most marked. Yet the fourth position of Tam in the All-aged Stake was well deserved. Everyone looked with interest to the trial of Bragg and Colonel Cotes's Prince Frederick of Pitchford. First it was the best pointer against the best setter in the stake; second, they were evidently running for first and second. Most of the other best dogs in the stake had more or less cut their own throats, on that fatal hillside sloping upward towards the direction whence came the wind. It was very decisive. Bragg flushed, a fault he had in his previous trials omitted, and the Prince, seeing him standing still, backed: Bragg again flushed, and they were called up. Then, after a rest, Mr. Warwick's Compton Jim, who had just previously defeated Mr. Arkwright's Saxpence, went down with Prince Frederick. Each quickly found birds. Then Jim flushed, but dropped well in atonement. Then the Prince went down stiff on the right, and Jim to the left a second later pointed also; no birds to either. Again there were simultaneous points, right and left; Jim had no birds, while Colonel Cotes's Prince had them and won. Mr. Warwick's Jim was second, Mr. Butter's Bragg

was very little to choose. Mr. Warwick's Champion Compton Sam seemed to get the worst of his round with Mr. E. Bishop's Druce, but the judges evidently thought not, as Druce was left out of the money and Compton Sam was finally placed first. The trial between them was as follows: Druce began with a false point, then came a first-rate find for him, Sam at the same time making good a point of his own. Another find for Druce; then again, on a new beat, another point to his score. Then a flush



Copyright

WINNER OF THE ALL-AGED STAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of a single bird down wind. Then again a good point at game to Druce, followed immediately by one for Sam. The score was, four good points, one flush, and one false point to Druce, against two good points for Sam. The style of the work in ranging and breaking being equally good in both cases.

However, the judges did not fancy Druce and they did fancy Sam. He is a pushing, busy little dog who carries his head and neck as if he was trying to make the latter longer and his nose reach further; just in the right way for game finding, but he is not the exceptional dog that the absence of better ones appeared, at the spring Field Trials, to indicate. Indeed, his kennel companion, Damsel of Salop, completely held him in their run in the Brace Stake, and although he may, or may not, be the better dog of the two, he did not show it by finding more game or

by better breaking than was hers. Compton Minnie who took second prize had done good work throughout the stake, her most severe test being with Mr. Lowe's Cherry Picker. The latter is the most extraordinary little animal that ever ran. In size she is about that of a good big cocker spaniel with the same short legs and long body. The trial between the two was thus: Cherry Picker a point, but she moved on uncertainly; then Minnie took it up and held it, Cherry immediately re-finding her game. Then Minnie scored to another brood; Cherry also found another lot; then Minnie flushed. So that the trial ended, to our thinking, slightly in favour of Cherry on the mere work done. In ranging and movement Minnie pleased us best. It was a very near thing indeed. Mr. Butter's Romp Faskally, in spite of a bad fault early in the day, deserved to get into the money well enough. Other admirable puppies were Mr. Isaac Sharp's Alpha, Mr. Humphrey's Countess of Betchcott, Cranfield Druce, a capital liver-ticked pointer, Mr. Llewellyn's Count Gleam, Mr. Humphrey's Gwenn of Betchcott, Mr. Williams's Rose of Gerwn, which was placed fourth.

There are two difficulties about judging on a moor, one of them that it is not always possible to see the dogs at every turn and indication of catching scent that they may give; and the other, that it is not always easy to make sure whether a dog that should back is in view of the pointing dog; and this is so although both may be in view of the judges. It is not difficult,



Copyright

A DOUBLE POINT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

third, Mr. Cheetham's Tam fourth, and Sir Watkin Wynn's Shot fifth.

The Puppy Stake has already been mentioned; it had a very large entry of twenty-nine, and some very beautiful pointers and setters were amongst them, but all on the small side. The work generally was good, and most of the breaking excellent. Those which stood out as the best performers were not much the best, as there were half-a-dozen or more between which there

therefore, to understand differences of opinion as to which dogs had done the best. Whatever may be said about these variations of opinion, there is no doubt that according to their lights the judges worked hard, and did the best they knew to please everybody by correct decisions. When they failed it was more the fault of the system than of the judges. The rules say that judges may decide on the general work during the whole stake, and need not necessarily give the award to the dog that does the better of two down together. It looked as if they were following this plan on some occasions and the other one at other times; and of the two the general feeling of field trial goers is that when one dog beats another in a run with him the previous good work of



Copyright WINNER OF THE PUPPY STAKE. "C.L."

the beaten dog should not count as against the dog which has vanquished him. That is the general feeling of those who run dogs. There may be exceptions, but they did not come to the notice of the writer. The argument is that any bad work done by the victor of two in previous trials should only count against him with dogs which he has not had a round with, unless it is bad enough to turn him out of the stake altogether, in which case he could not of course beat any dog afterwards. That is, it comes back to the old argument. If he is good enough to keep in the stake after the first round of the card he is good enough to win it if he can, on the principle that there can be no proper comparison without a "trial horse."



THE continued successes of American jockeys are absolutely convincing, and it is now absurd to contend that the English style of riding does not put our jockeys at an almost hopeless disadvantage. The scale of wind pressure per square foot has been worked out by Mr. James Leach in the columns of the *Sportsman*, and there seems every reason to accept this gentleman's deductions, which lead to the conclusion that against a head wind a moderate horse ridden American fashion can beat the best Flying Fox for the Middle Park Plate, as the late Duke of Westminster anticipated would happen when he noted how the wind was blowing that day. John Porter had not at the time come to realise the effect of wind pressure, but he knows it now, and Kempton Cannon, one of his favourite jockeys, has recently adopted the American style, much to his credit. I say much to his credit, for it is not easy to break loose from preconceived ideas and face the momentary ridicule resulting from your initial efforts in a new system. But when Kempton Cannon won at Sandown Park on Crowborough, beating a hot favourite in Hall Caine, many thought that it was Lester Reiff who rode the winner, and again on Saturday last at Windsor he won on Miss Collingwood, who went better for that style of riding than she has ever gone in her life. The American seat on a horse, however, is not everything by any means. Sure judgment of pace is at least equally important, and this can never be gained in a country where the watch is not used, not merely for trials but in exercise gallops. In this country—for horse-racing

only—we have despised the use of the watch, and fostered a system of racing which, no matter what the nominal distance, has been nothing more than a half-pace gallop and a sprint home for the last few furlongs. American jockeys have altered all this, but our jockeys cannot all in a moment gain judgment of pace in the new conditions, while the Americans have had it instilled into them from the first. It is like an amateur pedestrian, who may be a flyer, but does not understand pace, tackling a professional who may possibly be moderate. The professional will assuredly beat the novice, not merely in judgment of pace, but in a sprint race will gain yards on him at the crack of the pistol, just as a well-schooled two year old will do over a *débütante* at the starting-gate.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about the conduct of Mr. White in writing to the *Sportsman* to caution the public against backing his mare—Old Clo—for the Liverpool Cup. As Mr. White had a better candidate in Skopos, his well-intended effort to prevent people from losing money over the mare as they were doing surely merited thanks rather than abuse; but it was ever thus in such matters, and the owner who attempts to give the public any advice about his horses is always misunderstood. The people who burned their fingers over Old Clo concluded by some peculiar process of logic that Mr. White's conduct in winning the race with Skopos was most reprehensible, and we were told that the result was received with "icy silence." Why, it would be difficult to explain. If Mr. White had never written his letter and had allowed Old Clo to go to the post he would have avoided all the abusive criticism to which he has been subjected, but Old Clo would most certainly not have beaten Skopos, against whom Mr. White would have got a better price than he did, for the public would have continued wasting their money over the mare, and would, in fact, have lost two or three times as much as they did under the actual circumstances, when they were not only warned against backing her, but as soon as it was found that Skopos had got through his Eclipse Stakes race without detriment, Old Clo was struck out.

As the race was run Skopos only won by a head, but he probably had a stone or more in hand. He is a big, lurching colt, and though he gives his best running for little Reiff on a straight course, it is a different matter when the track is cramped as it is at Aintree. His tiny pilot would naturally have trouble in getting him round the turns, and this resulted in there being such a very close finish, though on his Eclipse Stakes running the race appeared to be an absolute certainty for Skopos. Poor old Maluma was never better in her life than when she started for this race, and as Skopos was such a big handful for his jockey she might have beaten him but for her misfortune in falling. It was a bit of cruel luck for "Mr. Jersey"; and not only was Sloan injured by the fall, but the mare damaged her shoulder so badly that it is improbable she will ever race again. Maluma was the first of "Mr. Jersey's" Australian importations, Merman being the second, and she was in any case to have retired to the stud next season, but there was time enough for her to have won two or three more nice races; for instance, the forthcoming Lewes Handicap would have been a certainty for her had she been able to start for it unpenalised. OUTPOST.

## Polo Notes.

THIS week will be found in COUNTRY LIFE a portrait group of the Old Cantabs who have won the Open Championship at Hurlingham, the Ranelagh Open Cup, and other important matches. Reading from left to right the names are Mr. W. McCreery, Mr. F. Freake, Mr. Walter Buckmaster, and Mr. Laurence McCreery. Of these four players the best known is Mr. Walter Buckmaster, who is the best polo player of the day, and who combines accuracy of goal hitting, neatness of style, and good horsemanship in a remarkable degree. But as a polo player Mr. Buckmaster's pluck and cool head are not less remarkable than his skill. No player can fight an uphill game better than he. No game in which Mr. Buckmaster plays is ever to be counted as lost till the final bell has rung. His polo career is easily told. The first time I remember seeing him was in the Oxford v. Cambridge match at Hurlingham. At once Mr. Buckmaster stepped into the front rank of polo players, and each year since then has seen him playing in the best matches. Mr. F. Freake is a player of the Rugby school, and gained most of his knowledge of the game at that club, where Mr. E. D. Miller and his brother have trained many players by example and precept in the soundest and best of polo. The brothers McCreery first played, I believe, in California, were improved at Hurlingham, and, having been educated at Cambridge, joined the Old Cantabs' team under the captaincy of Mr. Buckmaster.



W. A. Rouch.

THE OLD CANTABS' POLO TEAM.

Copyright



Both brothers, but particularly Mr. Laurence McCreery, have come on very much in their play during the past season. Mr. Laurence McCreery's fine hitting and steady defence in the Hurlingham Championship finals and when playing for the America Cup at the same club made a great impression on spectators. All four players are well-known riders to hounds in the "shires." It will be noted with interest that while the Old Cantats are always well mounted, none of the ponies of this team have been bought for extravagant prices.

With the polo at the three leading clubs on Saturday the season in London was brought to a close. Has it been a good season or a bad one? On the whole I should say good, in spite of the absence of the Inter-Regimental Tournament and the Subalterns' Cup from the list of first-class matches. In spite of this, I should be inclined to put it down as quite up to the average in the number of exciting contests that have taken place. Moreover, we have learned that polo is now deeply rooted in the affections of lovers of athletic games.

The war naturally removed many supporters of the game, but there were many left to play, and I think it may be said that the blanks have been filled by recruits all of whom have shown promise and some more than promise. It cannot be denied that the intense heat of the last days of the season took some of the steel out of the players on Saturday and diminished the enthusiasm of the spectators.

At Hurlingham the best game of the day was seen when The Freakes—Mr. F. Hargreaves, Mr. F. M. Freake, Mr. C. D. Miller, and Captain Denis Daly—played Ranelagh—Mr. E. Pease, Mr. Walter Jones, Mr. G. A. Miller, and Mr. P. W. Nickalls. Messrs. Buckmaster and P. O. Ellison were umpires. This was one of those games that baffles all forecasts. A good game was to be expected, and that, as far as pace and hitting were concerned, we had, but I should have expected a closer contest as well. The Freakes began to press almost at once, and before the first "ten" was over they had scored a goal. Forcing the pace and making a series of resolute attacks, they were leading at half-time by 3 goals to 1. So far they had not only, perhaps, the best of the luck, but were the stronger team, breaking down their adversaries' defence repeatedly. In the second half of the game matters altered a little, and the ball was driven up and down the ground; both backs were effective with their back-handers. Had the whole game been like these last three "tens," it would have been as good a one as we had seen this season. At last Mr. Freake ran the ball down and a goal was secured for his side—the last of the match—and The Freakes won the tournament by 4 to 1.

Although The Travellers had collected a strong side—Mr. F. Ellison, Mr. F. Menzies, Mr. Buckmaster, and Mr. O. Haigh—we did not have a very good game in the next match. The Hurlingham team—Messrs. G. N. Baring, W. Hudson, A. Rawlinson, and T. B. Drybrough—were none of them playing quite in their usual form, and were beaten by 10 goals to 6. In accordance with the sound axiom that the fewer the goals the better the match, the game was never a very interesting one.

Those who went to Ranelagh for their afternoon's amusement had to content themselves with the beauty of the grounds. I never have seen Barn Elms looking more lovely than it did after the rain. Both the arranged matches fell through, and a scratch game was got up which was described to me by an eye-witness as fast in pace but not remarkable for good hitting or good combination.

Wimbledon had also rather a moderate match against Cricklewood. The season, however, has been a very good one for Wimbledon Park, and this well-managed club has added to its membership and its popularity during the past three months. The club, only, be it remembered, in its second season, is now well established. Such clubs naturally feel the loss of members at the war and the consequent drain of good players to Hurlingham and Ranelagh.

An amusing little match of last week was that arranged at Hurlingham by Mr. St. Quentin between a team of Foxhunters and a strong quartette representing the club, of which we give some pictures. Although The Foxhunters did all they knew, and enjoyed the advantage of having Mr. W. Buckmaster for back, the victory went very easily to the club.

X.

## Correspondence.

### GROWING HARDY PLANTS IN POTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have been much interested in some notes which appeared some time ago about growing hardy plants in pots. It is my opinion that much may be accomplished in this way, as many hardy perennials look and grow exceedingly well under these conditions. As I shall start their culture in my cold house very soon, I wish you would kindly give me some assistance in the way of selection, say thirty good kinds, with notes upon their culture.—M.



W. A. Rouch.

RACING THE BALL.

Copyright



W. A. Rouch.

MR. RAWLINSON HITS A BACK-HANDER.

Copyright

[*Acæna microphylla*. *Alyssum saxatile*. *Anemone apennina*, *A. Pulsatilla*. *Aquilegias*, especially the beautiful spurred varieties. *Arabis alba*. *Armeria cephalotes*. *Aubrietia Leitchii*, *A. deltoidea purpurea*. *Campanulas* of many kinds, not forgetting the Canterbury Bells. *Cheiranthus Marshalli*. *Convolvulus mauritanicus*, a beautiful pale mauve trailing plant; would succeed in a basket.

*Corydalis nobilis*. *Cyclamens*, hardy. *Cypripedium spectabile*, *C. Calceolus* (our British kind), *C. parviflora*. *Dicentra* (or *Dielytra*, as it is also called) *spectabilis*. *Dodecatheon*. *Epimedium pinnatum*. *Erimus alpinus*. *Fritillaria Meleagris* (Snake's-head Fritillary). *Helleborus* (both the Christmas Rose and the Lenten Hellebores) *Iberis corææfolia*, *Pruiti*, *gibraltarica*, and others. *Iris*es of many kinds, bulbous and others. The bulbous *irises*, such as *I. reticulata*, *I. Bakeriana*, and *I. persica*, are very pretty in pots.

*Leucojum* (Snowflakes). *Crocus*. *Snowdrops*. *Narcissus* of many kinds. *Lilies*, of course, in variety. *Muscari* (Grape Hyacinths). *Orchises*, especially the more robust kinds, *O. Morio*, *O. maculata*. *Phlox setacea* and varieties. *Primulas* in variety. *Saponaria ocymoides*. *Saxifraga Camposi*, *S. granulata* fl.-pl., *S. hypnoides*. *Sedum Sieboldi* (pretty in a basket), *S. spectabile*. *Sisyrinchium grandiflorum* and the white variety (flowers quite early in spring). *Spiræa palmata* (crimson flowers). *Trillium grandiflorum*. *Triteleia uniflora*. *Trollius asiaticus*, *T. europæus*. *Zephyranthes Atamasca*.

We advise you to get a good manual upon hardy plants as to treatment. To describe the culture of every kind mentioned above would occupy much space. We advise you to grow plenty of bulbs, which may, of course, be potted in the autumn, and will with little trouble flower abundantly in the spring, particularly the daffodils, crocuses, and tulips. If, however, this information is not sufficiently explicit, please write again.—ED.]

### HUMEA ELEGANS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was interested in some plants which I saw a few days ago in a large bed in one of the parks, and was told that the name was *Humea elegans*. It is a remarkably graceful plant, quite tall, and with feathery flowers, I suppose they are, which have a veil-like effect. I saw the same plant early in the year at one of those interesting meetings which take place fortnightly in the Drill Hall, Westminster. I shall be very pleased for a few particulars as to culture, especially for pots. I suppose for the outdoor garden it is simply necessary to plant them out when all fear of frost is over, much as you would any other sub-tropical plants?—W.

[You are quite right as to the treatment for the plants to go out in the garden; it is simply necessary to pot them, and then put them out in positions suitable for their distinct style of beauty. Unfortunately,

however, the humea is not one of the most easily managed of plants, and frequently collapses when one expects to enjoy the full fruits of much labour. Like many other plants with thin tender roots, humeas are liable to die off prematurely. The seeds may be sown any time during the spring or summer, but the early sown plants are more likely to go through the winter successfully. Sow the seeds thinly in good loam, and as soon as the seedlings are large enough to handle they may be potted singly into small pots. Humeas succeed best in good yellow fibrous loam, with a little manure and silver sand added, and in potting the soil should be pressed firmly. They may be started under glass, but after they are well established grow them in the open air or in a pit where they can be protected from heavy rains. They should be taken in early in the autumn, and grown on through the winter in a cool house where they can receive plenty of light. Careful attention to watering is the most important point towards successful culture, next to potting the plants on as they require more root room.—ED.]

#### A PANSY GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you three snap-shots of my pansy garden, thinking some of the readers of your charming paper who possess large gardens might be glad to follow my example, and dedicate some quiet corner of their gardens to this lovely flower, as I have done for five years, with great delight to myself and friends. My thirteen beds have been a mass of bloom for over two months, and the effect has been quite dazzling, and the more I have gathered the more they have bloomed. I enclose a dried specimen of one of my finer blooms. Now is the best time for seed sowing, which I have done in boxes in frames, and pricked out in a side border when about an inch high till early November, and then planted them in their beds for spring flowering. May I draw your attention to the shrub in the background, crowned with honeysuckle, which I have let grow at its own sweet will, falling in festoons, and which, on the red thorns, has produced very exquisite effects.—CORDELIA HAWORTH-BOOTH, Hullbank Hall, near Hull.

[An enormous flower of the pansy, and interesting photographs showing the good effect of massing, but unfortunately not quite suitable for reproduction.—ED.]

#### LAVENDER A FAILURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you tell me through your interesting and valued paper what it is which causes my lavender blooms to go off, a few inches from the top, in the way that you will see the few specimens I send you have gone? I have in my garden a long walk bordered by several dozens of lavender bushes. They are about six years old, and are as fine and healthy bushes as one can wish to see, and up to ten days ago each bush had a fine head of large buds, when, all at once, in the space of two or three days, more than half the bushes were attacked by something which made these buds hang their heads a few inches from the top, as if the stem had been pinched very hard between finger and thumb and withered. In some cases half the bush is attacked, in others the whole bush, while here and there a bush stands not touched at all. This happened in a small degree last year and the year before. I have an old bush of lavender in the kitchen garden; it had never been attacked before, but this year the blooms have all gone off in the same way. I should be obliged to you if you can tell me what causes this, and what I can do to prevent its recurrence next year.—LAVENDER.

[We imagine your lavender is attacked by some fungus, very likely one belonging to the genus Botrytis; but we are very uncertain about it. We have sent some of the heads to one of our best authorities on these matters, but have not yet received a reply. We will let you know his report as soon as we can. In the meantime we should certainly cut off all the diseased heads and burn them, so as to prevent the pest spreading. You might also spray the uninjured ones with Bordeaux mixture two or three times, with an interval of a week between each application. We have never seen lavender attacked in this way before.—ED.]



#### STRAWBERRIES IN TUBS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the paragraph on page 63 in COUNTRY LIFE of July 14th, I have much pleasure in sending you photographs of my own experience with tubs (empty apple barrels). If there is any luck in the business, I must consider myself one of the lucky persons, for the fruit produced was everything I could wish, and even beyond my expectations, considering the disadvantages of the London atmosphere. I cannot relate any special treatment, more than frequent watering when necessary. After my successful experiment this year I am preparing more barrels for another season.—E. PENNYMORE.

[Our correspondent's photographs seem to emphasise the theory which "A. A." set forth in our issue of July 21st—that the plants must not be put too closely together. In the picture showing the three barrels, the photograph seems to have been taken at an early stage of the plants' growth, and shows the distance that the plants were kept apart, while the single barrel photographed at a later date shows the plants carrying fruit.—ED.]

#### PURE WATER FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice a very good article in the number of COUNTRY LIFE for July 7th on "Inoculation for Typhoid," also on camp sanitation, and the necessity of pure water for drinking purposes, and the difficulty of obtaining same in a campaign. I should like to know whose department it is to see that the army is supplied with pure water when on a campaign. I may say I wrote to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Wolseley, suggesting the use of tube wells and filtering apparatus. They were used in the Abyssinian Campaign, and in my opinion, had they been used in this campaign there would have been a much better supply of water, as when water is shallow, tube wells, I believe, are the only means of procuring a good supply, and the water is already partly filtered when pumped up; and with troughs, if a filtering apparatus for every camp had been used, there should have been no greater loss of life than in the Abyssinian Campaign from enteric; but if it is too much trouble to provide the whole army with cheap filtering apparatus which will make the filthy and poisonous river water wholesome and fit to drink, the men must die, for no man can withstand for long drinking poisonous water; even pocket filters mean life saved. I bought a good number of these filters and gave them to men going out. An ambulance man writes: "With the aid of your filter I have been enabled to fill my water-bottle, also my friend's, with clean wholesome water, and I am in the best of health, and the pocket filters are a most useful thing." I believe in the Abyssinian Campaign every man had one. I do not infer that if every man had a filter in this campaign there would have been no enteric fever, but I do say that I believe hundreds of lives have been thrown away, simply through not providing tube wells and filters, and will still be thrown away if they are not provided.—W. T. STORY.

#### A HERD OF WAPITI.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a very interesting photograph of a herd of wapiti taken in February of this year within a mile of my ranche in the States. The big bulls would not be with the herds at this time, and my hunter notes that this is the "tail end" of a herd of several hundred elk, the bulk of the "bunch" being over the hill.—GEORGE CAMPBELL.

